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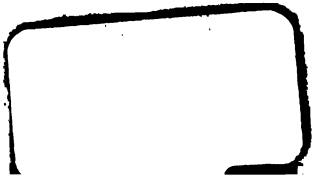
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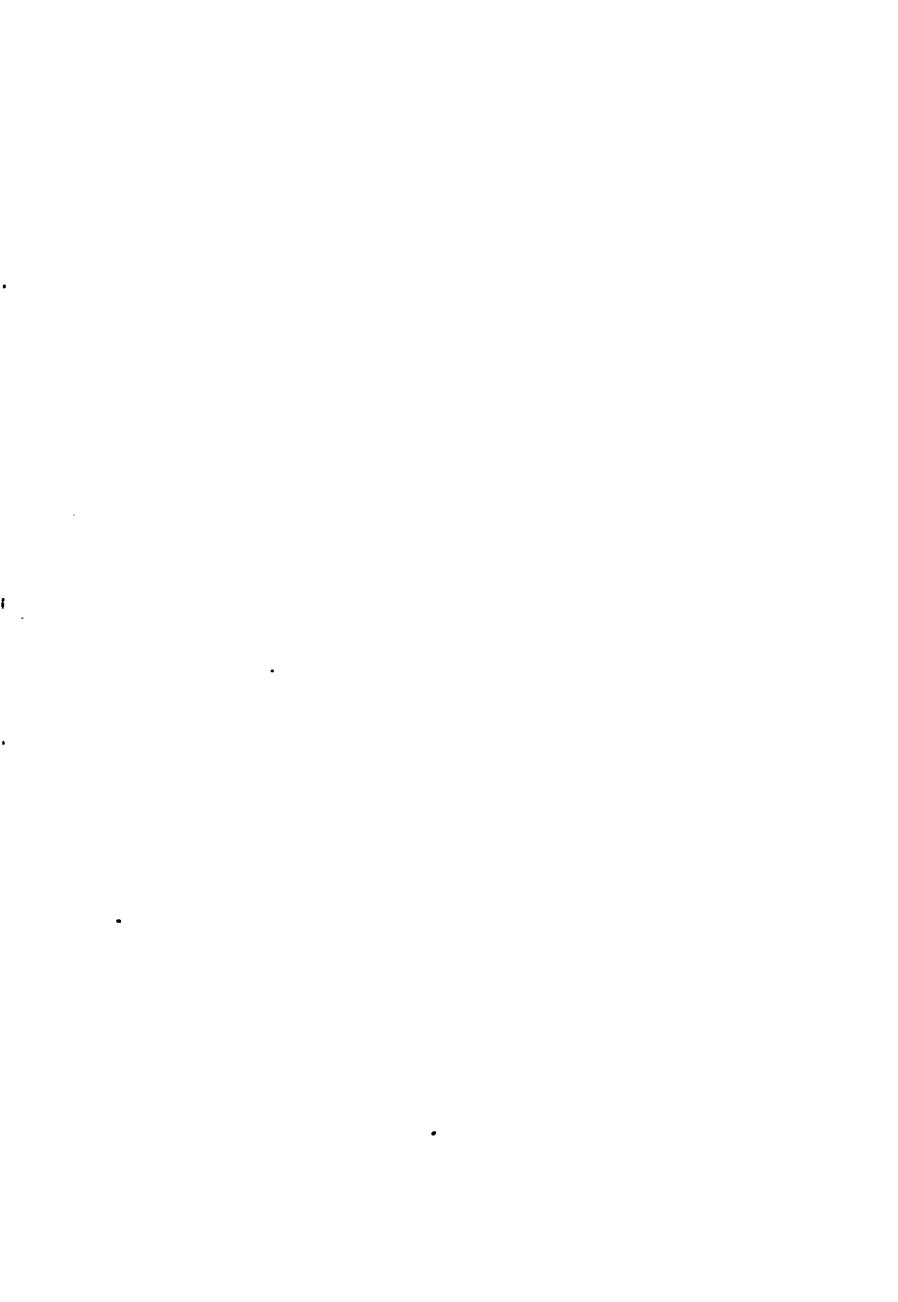


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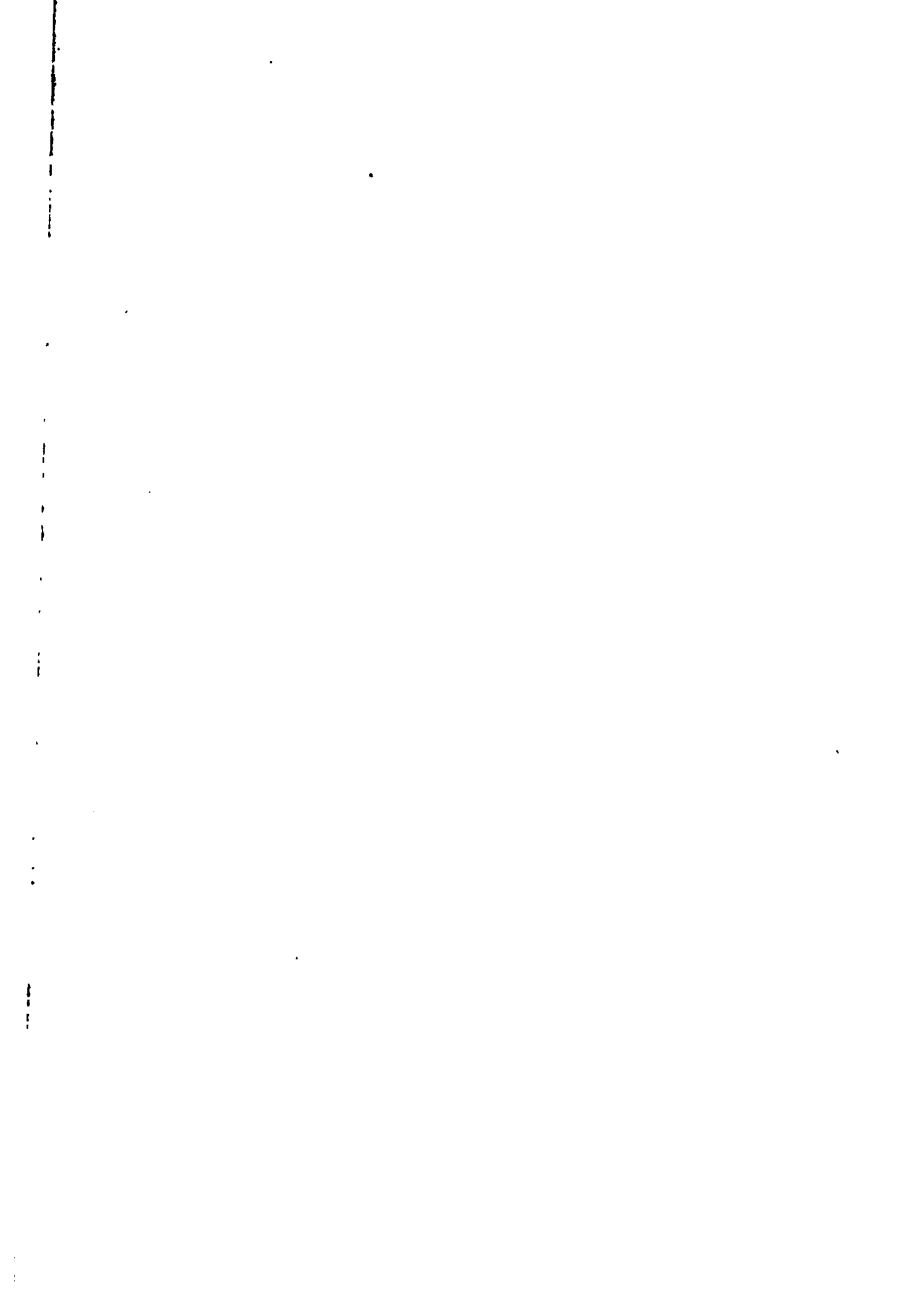
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# AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE

BY  
AUSTIN DOBSON  
=

*—leviore plectro*



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NEW YORK  
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1885



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Lucy Cogswold Lund.

*AUTHOR'S EDITION.*

*[The majority of the verses in this volume are collected for the first time. To these a few others have been added, which were not included in the previous American collection, and are out of print in England.]*

225-41  
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TO

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

NO NEED TO-DAY THAT WE COMMEND  
THIS PINNACE TO YOUR CARE, O FRIEND !  
YOU STEERED THE BARK THAT WENT BEFORE  
BETWEEN THE WHIRLPOOL AND THE SHORE ;  
SO,—THOUGH WE WANT NO PILOT NOW,—  
WE WRITE YOUR NAME UPON THE PROW.

*" At the Sign of the Lyre,"*  
*Good Folks, we present you,*  
*With the pick of our quire—*  
*And we hope to content you !*

*Here be Ballad and Song,*  
*The fruits of our leisure,*  
*Some short and some long,—*  
*May they all give you pleasure !*

*But if, when you read,*  
*They should fail to restore you,*  
*Farewell, and God-speed—*  
*The world is before you !*

## CONTENTS.

---

### AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE:

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S . . . .	1
THE OLD SEDAN-CHAIR . . . . .	4
TO AN INTRUSIVE BUTTERFLY . . . .	7
"AU REVOIR" . . . . .	10
A SERMON IN STONE . . . . .	18
A MADRIGAL . . . . .	21
MOLLY TREFUSIS . . . . .	23
THE MILKMAID . . . . .	27
THE MASQUE OF THE MONTHS . . . .	30
TO A MISSAL OF THE XIII <sup>TH</sup> . CENTURY	34
A GARDEN SONG . . . . .	37
AN EASTERN APOLOGUE . . . . .	39
THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH . . . .	41
PALOMYDES . . . . .	44
ANDRÉ LE CHAPELAIN . . . . .	46
A ROMAN "ROUND ROBIN" . . . . .	51

*Contents.*

A LEGACY . . . . .	54
LINES TO A STUPID PICTURE . . . . .	56
TWO SERMONS . . . . .	59
THE BOOKWORM . . . . .	61
THE "JESSAMY BRIDE" . . . . .	63
VERSES TO ORDER . . . . .	65
TO A CHILD . . . . .	68
JOCOSA LYRA . . . . .	70
MY BOOKS . . . . .	72
THE BOOK PLATE'S PETITION . . . . .	74
IN TOWN . . . . .	77
GROWING GRAY . . . . .	80
THE DISTRESSED POET . . . . .	82
A LOVE-SONG, 1700 . . . . .	84
AN APRIL PASTORAL . . . . .	85
DON QUIXOTE . . . . .	86
THE LOST ELIXIR . . . . .	87

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ:

INCOGNITA . . . . .	91
DORA <i>versus</i> ROSE . . . . .	96
AD ROSAM . . . . .	99
OUTWARD BOUND . . . . .	104
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY . . . . .	107
THE LAST DESPATCH . . . . .	113
"PREMIERS AMOURS" . . . . .	116
"POOR MISS TOX" . . . . .	119
"LITTLE BLUE RIBBONS" . . . . .	123

*Contents.*

A FAIRY TALE . . . . .	126
DAISY'S VALENTINES . . . . .	128

TALES IN RHYME :

THE VIRGIN WITH THE BELLS . . . . .	133
A TALE OF POLYPHEME . . . . .	136
A STORY FROM A DICTIONARY . . . . .	148
THE WATER-CURE . . . . .	157

FABLES OF LITERATURE AND ART :

THE POET AND THE CRITICS . . . . .	167
THE SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR . . . . .	170
THE DILETTANT . . . . .	173
THE TWO PAINTERS . . . . .	176
THE CLAIMS OF THE MUSE . . . . .	179
THE 'SQUIRE AT VAUXHALL . . . . .	183

MEMORIAL VERSES :

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE . . . . .	191
HENRY FIELDING . . . . .	194
H. W. LONGFELLOW . . . . .	199

OLD FRENCH FORMS :

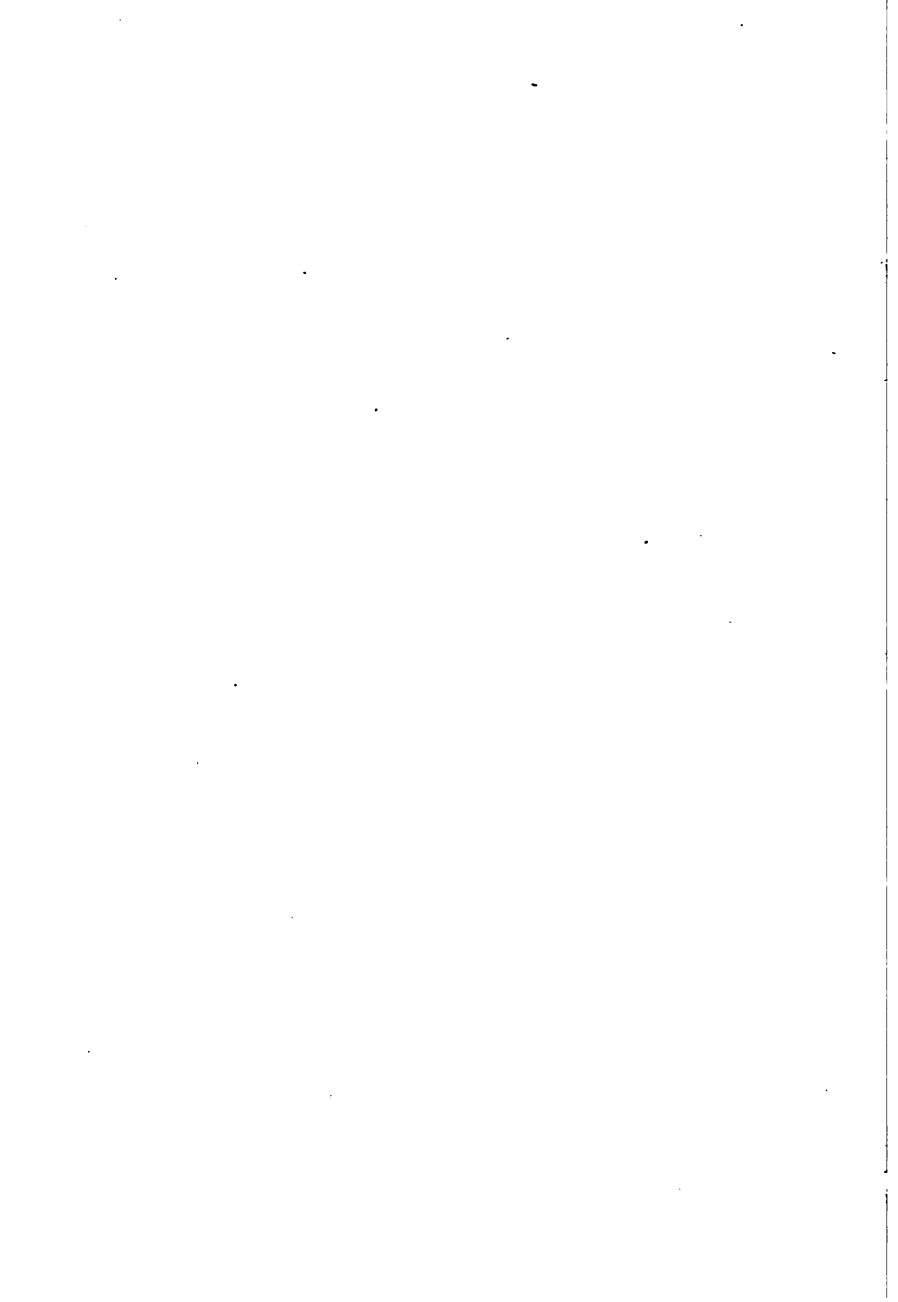
NOTES OF A HONEY-MOON ( <i>Triolets</i> ) . . . . .	203
THE BALLAD OF HEROES ( <i>Ballade</i> ) . . . . .	207
THE BALLAD OF THE THRUSH " . . . . .	209
"O NAVIS" . . . . .	211
ON A NANKIN PLATE ( <i>Villanelle</i> ) . . . . .	213
THE STREET SINGER " . . . . .	215

*Contents.*

"IN AFTER DAYS" ( <i>Rondeau</i> ) . . . . .	217
ON THE HURRY OF THIS TIME ( <i>Rondeau</i> ) . . . . .	218
EXTREMUM TANAIN" . . . . .	219
"YOU BID ME TRY" . . . . .	220
DIXAIN . . . . .	221
CARMINA VOTIVA:	
TO BRANDER MATTHEWS . . . . .	225
TO H. C. BUNNER . . . . .	226
TO GEORGE H. BOUGHTON . . . . .	227
TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER . . . . .	228
TO LAWRENCE BARRETT . . . . .	229
TO J. S. . . . .	230
TO LAURENCE HUTTON . . . . .	231
NOTES . . . . .	235

AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE.





# AT THE SIGN OF THE LYRE.

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## THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S.

A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF THE COUNTRY AND  
THE TOWN.

THE ladies of St. James's  
Go swinging to the play ;  
Their footmen run before them,  
With a "Stand by ! Clear the way !"  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
She takes her buckled shoon,  
When we go out a-courting  
Beneath the harvest moon.

*The Ladies of St. James's.*

The ladies of St. James's  
Wear satin on their backs ;  
They sit all night at *Ombre*,  
With candles all of wax :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
She dons her russet gown  
And runs to gather May dew  
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's  
They are so fine and fair,  
You'd think a box of essences  
Was broken in the air :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
The breath of heath and furze,  
When breezes blow at morning  
Is scarce so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's  
They're painted to the eyes ;  
Their white it stays forever,  
Their red it never dies :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
Her color comes and goes ;  
It trembles to a lily,  
It wavers to a rose.

*The Ladies of St. James's.*

The ladies of St. James's  
With "Mercy!" and with "Lud!"  
They season all their speeches  
(They come of noble blood):  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
Her shy and simple words  
Are sweet as, after rain-drops,  
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's  
They have their fits and freaks;  
They smile on you—for seconds,  
They frown on you—for weeks:  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
Come either storm or shine,  
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide  
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida!  
I care not though they heap  
The hearts of all St. James's,  
And give me all to keep;  
I care not whose the beauties  
Of all the world may be,  
For Phyllida—for Phyllida  
Is all the world to me!

## THE OLD SEDAN CHAIR.

*“What’s not destroy’d by Time’s devouring hand?  
Where’s Troy—and where’s the May-pole in the Strand?”*  
BRAMSTON’S “ART OF POLITICS.”

It stands in the stable-yard, under the eaves,  
Propped up by a broom-stick and covered with  
leaves.

It once was the pride of the gay and the fair,  
But now 'tis a ruin, that old Sedan chair !

It is battered and tattered,—it little avails  
That once it was lacquered, and glistened with  
nails,  
For its leather is cracked into lozenge and square,—  
Like a canvas by Wilkie,—that old Sedan chair !

*The Old Sedan Chair.*

See,—here came the bearing-straps ; here were the  
holes  
For the poles of the bearers—when once there  
were poles ;  
It was cushioned with silk, it was wadded with  
hair,—  
As the birds have discovered,—that old Sedan  
chair !

“Where’s Troy ?” says the poet ! Look,—under  
the seat,  
Is a nest with four eggs,—’tis the favored retreat  
Of the Muscovy hen, who has hatched, I dare  
swear,  
Quite an army of chicks in that old Sedan chair !

And yet—can’t you fancy a face in the frame  
Of the window,—some high-headed damsel or  
dame,  
Be-patched and be-powdered, just set by the stair,  
While they raise up the lid of that old Sedan  
chair ?

Can’t you fancy Sir Plume, as beside her he stands,  
With his ruffles a-droop on his delicate hands,

*The Old Sedan Chair.*

With his cinnamon coat, with his laced solitaire,  
As he lifts her out light from that old Sedan chair ?

Then it swings away slowly. Ah, many a league  
It has trotted 'twixt sturdy-legged Terence and  
Teague ;

Stout fellows,—but prone, on a question of fare,  
To brandish the poles of that old Sedan chair !

It has waited by portals where Garrick has played ;  
It has waited by Heidegger's "Grand Mas-  
querade ;"

For my Lady Codille, for my Lady Bellair,  
It has waited—and waited, that old Sedan chair !

Oh, the scandals it knows ! Oh, the tales it could  
tell

Of Drum and Ridotto, of Rake and of Belle,—  
Of Cock-fight and Levee, and (scarcely more rare !)  
Of Fête-days at Tyburn, that old Sedan chair !

"*Heu ! quantum mutata,*" I say as I go.

It deserves better fate than a stable-yard, though !  
We must furbish it up, and dispatch it,—“With  
Care,”—

To a Fine-Art Museum—that old Sedan chair !

TO AN INTRUSIVE BUTTERFLY.

*" Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
The meanest thing upon its upward way.*

FIVE RULES OF BUDDHA.

I WATCH you through the garden walks,  
I watch you float between  
The avenues of dahlia stalks,  
And flicker on the green ;  
You hover round the garden seat,  
You mount, you waver. Why,  
Why storm us in our still retreat,  
O saffron Butterfly !

Across the room in loops of flight  
I watch you wayward go ;  
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,  
Review my books a-row ;



*To an Intrusive Butterfly.*

Before the bust you flaunt and fit  
Of "blind Mæonides"—  
Ah, trifler, on his lips there lit  
Not butterflies, but bees !

You pause, you poise, you circle up  
Among my old Japan ;  
You find a comrade on a cup,  
A friend upon a fan ;  
You wind anon, a breathing while,  
Around Amanda's brow.—  
Dost dream her then, O Volatile !  
E'en such an one as thou ?

Away ! Her thoughts are not as thine.  
A sterner purpose fills  
Her steadfast soul with deep design  
Of baby bows and frills ;  
What care hath she for worlds without,—  
What heed for yellow sun,  
Whose endless hopes revolve about  
A planet, *àtat* One !

Away ! Tempt not the best of wives ;  
Let not thy garish wing

*To an Intrusive Butterfly.*

Come fluttering our Autumn lives  
With truant dreams of Spring !  
Away ! Reseck thy " Flowery Land " ;  
Be Buddha's law obeyed ;  
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand  
Should slay—a future PRAED !

“AU REVOIR.”

A DRAMATIC VIGNETTE.

SCENE.—*The Fountain in the Garden of the Luxembourg. It is surrounded by Promenaders.*

MONSIEUR JOLICŒUR. A LADY (*unknown*).

M. JOLICŒUR.

'Tis she, no doubt. Brunette,—and tall :  
A charming figure, above all !  
This promises.—Ahem !

THE LADY.

Monsieur ?

Ah ! it is three. Then Monsieur's name  
Is JOLICŒUR ? . . .

*"Au Revoir."*

M. JOLICŒUR.

Madame, the same.

THE LADY.

And Monsieur's goodness has to say? . . .

Your note? . . .

M. JOLICŒUR.

*Your* note.

THE LADY.

Forgive me.—Nay.

(*Reads*)

*"If Madame [I omit] will be  
Beside the Fountain-rail at Three,  
Then Madame—possibly—may hear  
News of her Spaniel. JOLICŒUR."*

Monsieur denies his note?

M. JOLICŒUR.

I do.

Now let me read the one from you.

*"If Monsieur Jolicœur will be  
Beside the Fountain-rail at Three,  
Then Monsieur—possibly—may meet  
An old Acquaintance. 'Indiscreet.'"*

"*Au Revoir.*"

THE LADY (*scandalized*).

Ah, what a folly! 'Tis not true.  
I never met Monsieur. And you?

M. JOLICŒUR (*with gallantry*).

Have lived in vain till now. But see :  
We are observed.

THE LADY (*looking round*).

I comprehend . . .

(*After a pause.*)

Monsieur, malicious brains combine  
For your discomfiture, and mine.  
Let us defeat that ill design.  
If Monsieur but . . . (*hesitating*).

M. JOLICŒUR (*bowing*).

Rely on me.

THE LADY (*still hesitating*).

Monsieur, I know, will understand . . .

M. JOLICŒUR.

Madame, I wait but your command.

THE LADY.

You are too good. Then condescend  
At once to be a new-found Friend !

"*Au Revoir.*"

M. JOLICŒUR (*entering upon the part forthwith*).

How? I am charmed,—enchanted. Ah!  
What ages since we met . . . at *Spa*?

THE LADY (*a little disconcerted*).

At *Ems*, I think. Monsieur, maybe,  
Will recollect the Orangery?

M. JOLICŒUR.

At *Ems*, of course. But Madame's face  
Might make one well forget a place.

THE LADY.

It seems so. Still, Monsieur recalls  
The Kurhaus, and the concert-balls?

M. JOLICŒUR.

Assuredly. Though there again  
'Tis Madame's image I retain.

THE LADY.

Monsieur is skilled in . . . repartee.  
(How do they take it?—Can you see?)

M. JOLICŒUR.

Nay,—Madame furnishes the wit.  
(They don't know what to make of it!)

"*Au Revoir.*"

THE LADY.

And Monsieur's friend who sometimes came? . . .  
That clever . . . I forget the name.

M. JOLICŒUR.

The BARON? . . . It escapes me, too.  
'Twas doubtless he that Madame knew?

THE LADY (*archly*).

Precisely. But, my carriage waits.  
Monsieur will see me to the gates?

M. JOLICŒUR (*offering his arm*).

I shall be charmed. (Your stratagem  
Bids fair, I think, to conquer them.)

(*Aside*)

(Who is she? I must find that out.)  
—And Madame's husband thrives, no doubt?

THE LADY (*off her guard*).

Monsieur de BEAU—? . . . He died at *Dôle*!

M. JOLICŒUR.

Truly. How sad!

"*Au Revoir.*"

(*Aside*)

(Yet, on the whole,  
How fortunate! *BEAU-pré?*—*BEAU-vau?*  
Which can it be? Ah, there they go!)  
—Madame, your enemies retreat  
With all the honors of . . . defeat.

THE LADY.

Thanks to Monsieur. Monsieur has shown  
A skill *PRÉVILLE* would not disown.

M. *JOLICŒUR*.

You flatter me. We need no skill  
To act so nearly what we will.  
Nay,—what may come to pass, if Fate  
And Madame bid me cultivate . . .

THE LADY (*anticipating*).

Alas!—no farther than the gate.  
Monsieur, besides, is too polite  
To profit by a jest so slight.

M. *JOLICŒUR*.

Distinctly. Still, I did but glance  
At possibilities . . . of Chance.



"*Au Revoir.*"

THE LADY.

Which may not serve Monsieur, I fear,  
Beyond the little grating here.

M. JOLICŒUR (*aside*).

(She's perfect. One may get too far.  
*Piano, sano.*)

(*They reach the gates.*)

Here we are.

Permit me, then . . .

(*Placing her in the carriage.*)

And Madame goes ? . . .

Your coachman ? . . . Can I ? . . .

THE LADY (*smiling*).

Thanks ! he knows.

Thanks ! Thanks !

M. JOLICŒUR (*insidiously*).

And must we not renew  
Our . . . "*Ems* acquaintanceship ?"

THE LADY (*still smiling*).

Adieu !

My thanks instead !

*“Au Revoir.”*

M. JOLICŒUR (*with pathos*).

It is too hard !

(*Laying his hand on the grating.*)

To find one's Paradise is barred ! !

THE LADY.

Nay.—“Virtue is her own Reward !”

[*Exit.*

M. JOLICŒUR (*solus*).

BEAU-*vau* ?—BEAU-*vallon* ?—BEAU-*manoir* ?—

But that's a trifle !

(*Waving his hand after the carriage.*)

AU REVOIR !

## A SERMON IN STONE.

ON A "BUST (UNKNOWN)" IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Who were you once? Could we but guess,  
We might perchance more boldly  
Define the patient weariness  
That sets your lips so coldly ;  
You "lived," we know, for fame and blame ;  
But sure, to friend or foeman,  
You bore some more distinctive name  
Than mere "B. C.,"—and "Roman" ?

Your pedestal would help us much.  
Thereon your acts, your title,  
(Secure from cold Oblivion's touch !)  
Had doubtless due recital ;

*The Sermon in Stone.*

Vain hope !—not even deeds can last !

That stone, of which you're *minus*,  
Maybe with all your virtues past  
Endows . . a TIGELLINUS !

We seek it not ; we should not find.

But still, it needs no magic  
To tell you wore, like most mankind,  
Your comic mask and tragic ;  
And held that things were false and true,  
Felt angry and forgiving,  
As step by step you stumbled through  
This life-long task . . of living !

You tried the *cul-de-sac* of Thought—  
The swift descent of Pleasure ;  
You found the best Ambition brought  
Was strangely short of measure ;  
You watched, at last, the fleet days fly,  
Till—drowsier and colder—  
You felt MERCURIUS loitering by  
To touch you on the shoulder.

'Twas there (why not ?) the whim would come  
That howso Time should garble  
'Those deeds of yours when you were dumb,  
As least you'd live—in Marble ;

*A Sermon in Stone.*

You smiled to think that after days  
At least, in Bust or Statue  
(We all have sick-bed dreams !) would gaze,  
Not quite incurious, at you.

*We* gaze ; *we* pity you, be sure !  
*In* truth, Death's worst in action  
Must be less tedious to endure  
Than nameless petrification ;  
Far better, in some nook unknown,  
To sleep for once—and soundly,  
Than still survive in wistful stone,  
Forgotten more profoundly !

## A MADRIGAL.

BEFORE me careless lying,  
Young Love his ware comes crying ;  
Full soon the elf untreaures  
His pack of pains and pleasures,—  
    With roguish eye  
    He bids me buy  
From out his pack of treasures.

His wallet's stuffed with blisses,  
With true-love-knots and kisses,  
With rings and rosy fetters,  
And sugared vows and letters ;—  
    He holds them out  
    With boyish flout,  
And bids me try the fetters.

*A Madrigal.*

Nay, Child (I cry), I know them ;  
There's little need to show them !  
Too well for new believing  
I know their past deceiving,—  
    I am too old  
    (I say), and cold,  
To-day, for new believing !

But still the wanton presses,  
With honey-sweet caresses,  
And still, to my undoing,  
He wins me, with his wooing,  
    To buy his wares  
    With all their cares,  
Their sorrow and undoing !

## MOLLY TREFUSIS.

*“Now the Graces are four and the Venuses two,  
And ten is the number of Muses ;  
For a Muse and a Grace and a Venus are you,—  
My dear little Mollie Trefusis !”*

---

So he wrote, the old bard of an “old magazine ;”  
As a study it not without use is,  
If we wonder a moment who she may have been,  
This same “little Molly Trefusis !”

She was Cornish. We know that at once by the  
“Tre ;”

Then of guessing it scarce an abuse is  
If we say that where Bude bellows back to the sea  
Was the birthplace of Molly Trefusis.



*Molly Trefusis.*

And she lived in the era of patches and bows,  
Not knowing what rouge or ceruse is ;  
For they needed (I hope) but her natural rose,  
The lilies of Molly Trefusis.

And I somehow connect her (I frankly admit  
That the evidence hard to produce is)  
With BATH in its hey-day of Fashion and Wit,—  
This dangerous Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her, radiant in ribbon and knot  
(How charming that old-fashioned puce is !),  
All blooming in laces, fal lals and what not,  
At the PUMP ROOM,—Miss Molly Trefusis.

I fancy her reigning,—a Beauty,—a Toast,  
Where BLADUD's medicinal cruse is ;  
And we know that at least of one Bard it could  
boast,—  
The Court of Queen Molly Trefusis.

He says she was "VENUS." I doubt it. Beside  
(Your rhymer so hopelessly loose is !),  
His "little" could scarce be to Venus applied,  
If fitly to Molly Trefusis.

*Molly Trefusis.*

No, no. It was HEBE he had in his mind ;  
And fresh as the handmaid of Zeus is,  
And rosy, and rounded, and dimpled,—you'll  
find,—  
Was certainly Molly Trefusis !

Then he calls her “ a MUSE. ” To the charge I reply  
That we all of us know what a Muse is ;  
It is something too awful,—too acid,—too dry,—  
For sunny-eyed Molly Trefusis.

But “ a GRACE. ” There I grant he was probably  
right  
(The rest but a verse-making ruse is) ;  
It was all that was graceful,—intangible,—light,  
The beauty of Molly Trefusis !

Was she wooed ? Who can hesitate much about  
that,  
Assuredly more than obtuse is ;  
For how could the poet have written so pat  
“ *My* dear little Molly Trefusis ! ”

And was wed ? That I think we must plainly infer,  
Since of suitors the common excuse is

*Molly Trefusis.*

To take to them Wives. So it happened to her,  
Of course,—“little Molly Trefusis !”

To the Bard? 'Tis unlikely. Apollo, you see,  
In practical matters a goose is ;—  
'Twas a knight of the shire, and a hunting J.P.,  
Who carried off Molly Trefusis !

And you'll find, I conclude, in the “*Gentleman's  
Mag.*,”

At the end, where the pick of the news is,  
“*On the (blank), at 'the Bath,' to Sir Hilary Brag,  
With a fortune, MISS MOLLY TREFUSIS.*”

Thereupon . . . But no farther the student may pry :  
Love's temple is dark as Eleusis ;  
So here, at the threshold, we part, you and I,  
From “dear little Molly Trefusis.”

## THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

ACROSS the grass I see her pass ;  
She comes with tripping pace,—  
A maid I know,—and March winds blow  
Her hair across her face ;—  
With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow. I watch her go :  
Her eye is brown and clear ;  
Her cheek is brown, and soft as down  
(To those who see it near !)—

*The Milkmaid.*

With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

What has she not that they have got,—  
The dames that walk in silk !  
If she undo her 'kerchief blue,  
Her neck is white as milk.

With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !  
Dolly shall be-mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

Let those who will be proud and chill !  
For me, from June to June,  
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—  
Her laugh is like a tune ;—  
With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear !  
O tall Lent-lilies, flame !

*The Milkmaid.*

There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,  
And Dolly is her name.  
With a hey, Dolly ! ho, Dolly !  
Dolly shall be mine,  
Before the spray is white with May,  
Or blooms the eglantine.

## THE MASQUE OF THE MONTHS.

(FOR A FRESCO.)

FIRSTLY thou, churl son of Janus,  
Rough for cold, in drugged clad,  
Com'st with rack and rheum to pain us ;—  
Firstly thou, churl son of Janus.  
Caverned now is old Sylvanus ;  
Numb and chill are maid and lad.

After thee thy dripping brother,  
Dank his weeds around him cling ;  
Mist his footsteps swathe and smother,—  
After thee thy dripping brother.  
Hearth-set couples hush each other,  
Listening for the cry of Spring.

*The Masque of the Months.*

Hark ! for March thereto doth follow,  
Blithe,—a herald tabarded ;  
O'er him flies the shifting swallow,—  
Hark ! for March thereto doth follow.  
Swift his horn, by holt and hollow,  
Wakes the flowers in winter dead.

Thou then, April, Iris' daughter,  
Born between the storm and sun ;  
Coy as nymph ere Pan hath caught her,  
Thou then, April, Iris' daughter.  
Now are light, and rustling water ;  
Now are mirth and nests begun.

May the jocund cometh after,  
Month of all the Loves (and mine) ;  
Month of mock and cuckoo-laughter,  
May the jocund cometh after.  
Beaks are gay on roof and rafter ;  
Luckless lovers peak and pine.

June the next, with roses scented,  
Languid from a slumber-spell ;  
June in shade of leafage tented ;—



*The Masque of the Months.*

June the next, with roses scented.  
Now her Itys, still lamented,  
Sings the mournful Philomel.

Hot July thereafter rages,  
Dog-star smitten, wild with heat ;  
Fierce as pard the hunter cages,  
Hot July thereafter rages.  
Traffic now no more engages ;  
Tongues are still in stall and street.

August next, with cider mellow,  
Laughs from out the poppi'd corn ;  
Hook at back, a lusty fellow,  
August next, with cider mellow.  
Now in wains the sheafage yellow  
'Twixt the hedges slow is borne.

Laden deep with fruity cluster,  
Then September, ripe and hale ;  
Bees about his basket fluster,  
Laden deep with fruity cluster.  
Skies have now a softer luster ;  
Barns resound to flap of flail.

*The Masque of the Months.*

Thou then, too, of woodlands lover,  
Dusk October, berry-stained ;  
Wailed about of parting plover,  
Thou then too, of woodlands lover.  
Fading now are copse and cover ;  
Forests now are sere and waned.

Next November, limping, battered,  
Blinded in a whirl of leaf ;  
Worn of want and travel-tattered,  
Next November, limping, battered.  
Now the goodly ships are shattered,  
Far at sea, on rock and reef.

Last of all the shrunk December  
Cowed for age, in ashen gray ;  
Fading like a fading ember,  
Last of all the shrunk December.  
Him regarding, men remember  
Life and joy must pass away.

TO A MISSAL OF THE THIRTEENTH  
CENTURY.

MISSAL of the Gothic age,  
Missal with the blazoned page,  
Whence, O Missal, hither come,  
From what dim *scriptorium* ?

Whose the name that wrought thee thus,  
*Ambrose* or *Theophilus*,  
Bending, through the waning light,  
O'er thy vellum scraped and white ;

Weaving 'twixt thy rubric lines  
Sprays and leaves and quaint designs ;  
Setting round thy border scrolled  
Buds of purple and of gold ?

*To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century.*

Ah!—a wondering brotherhood,  
Doubtless, round that artist stood,  
Strewing o'er his careful ways  
Little choruses of praise ;

Glad when his deft hand would paint  
Strife of *Sathanas* and Saint,  
Or in secret coign entwist  
Jest of cloister humorist.

Well the worker earned his wage  
Bending o'er the blazoned page !  
Tired the hand and tired the wit  
Ere the final *Explicit!*

Not as ours the books of old—  
Things that steam can stamp and fold ;  
Not as ours the books of yore—  
Rows of type, and nothing more.

Then a book was still a Book,  
Where a wistful man might look,  
Finding something through the whole,  
Beating—like a human soul.

*To a Missal of the Thirteenth Century.*

In that growth of day by day,  
When to labor was to pray,  
Surely something vital passed  
To the patient page at last ;

Something that one still perceives  
Vaguely present in the leaves ;  
Something from the worker lent ;  
Something mute—but eloquent !

### A GARDEN SONG.

HERE, in this secluded close  
Bloom the hyacinth and rose ;  
Here beside the modest stock  
Flaunts the flaring hollyhock ;  
Here, as everywhere, one sees  
Ranks, conditions, and degrees.

All the seasons run their race  
In this quiet resting place ;  
Peach, and apricot, and fig  
Here will ripen, and grow big ;  
Here is store and overplus,—  
More had not Alcinoüs !

Here, in alleys cool and green,  
Far ahead the thrush is seen ;

*A Garden Song.*

Here along the southern wall  
Keeps the bee his festival ;  
All is quiet else—afar  
Sounds of toil and turmoil are.

Here be shadows large and long ;  
Here be spaces meet for song ;  
Grant, O Powers benign, that I,  
Now that none profane is nigh,—  
Now that mood and moment please,  
Find the fair Pierides !

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

(TO E. H. P.)

MELIK the Sultán, tried and wan,  
Nodded at noon on his diván.

Beside the fountain lingered near  
JAMÍL the bard, and the vizier—

Old YÚSUF, cross and hard to please ;  
Then JAMÍL sang, in words like these.

*Slim is Butheina—slim is she  
As boughs of the Ardka tree !*

“Nay,” quoth the other, teeth between,  
“Lean, if you will,—I call her lean.”



*An Eastern Apologue.*

*Sweet is Butheina—sweet as wine,  
With smiles that like red bubbles shine!*

“ True,—by the Prophet !” YÚSUF said.  
“ She makes men wander in the head !”

*Dear is Butheina—ah! more dear  
Than all the maidens of Kashmeer!*

“ Dear,” came the answer, quick as thought,  
“ Dear . . and yet always to be bought.”

So JAMÍL ceased. But still Life's page  
Shows diverse unto YOUTH and AGE :

And,—be the song of Ghouls or Gods,—  
TIME, like the Sultán, sits . . and nods.

## THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH.

*(We lay our story in the East.  
Because 'tis Eastern? Not the least.  
We place it there because we fear  
To bring its parable too near.  
And seem to touch with impious hand  
Our dear, confiding native land.)*

Haroun Alraschid, in the days  
He went about his vagrant ways,  
And prowled at eve for good or bad  
In lanes and alleys of BAGDAD,  
Once found, at edge of the bazar,  
E'en where the poorest workers are,  
A Carver.

*The Carver and the Caliph.*

Fair his work and fine  
With mysteries of inlaced design,  
And shapes of shut significance  
To aught but an anointed glance,—  
The dreams and visions that grow plain  
In darkened chambers of the brain.

And all day busily he wrought  
From dawn to eve, but no one bought ;—  
Save when some Jew with look askant,  
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,  
Would pause awhile,—depreciate,—  
Then buy a month's work by the weight,  
Bearing it swiftly over seas  
To garnish rich men's treasuries.

And now for long none bought at all,  
So lay he sullen in his stall.  
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,  
And smote his staff upon the ground—  
“ Ho, there, within ! Hast wares to sell ?  
Or slumber'st, having dined too well ? ”  
“ ‘ Dined, ’ ” quoth the man, with sullen eyes,  
“ How should I dine when no one buys ? ”  
“ Nay, ” said the other, answering low,—  
“ Nay, I but jested. Is it so ? ”

*The Carver and the Caliph.*

Take then this coin, . . . but take beside  
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.  
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,  
Is too refined,—remote,—minute ;  
These small conceptions can but fail ;  
'Twere best to work on larger scale,  
And rather choose such themes as wear  
More of the earth and less of air,  
The fisherman that hauls his net,—  
The merchants in the market set,—  
The couriers posting in the street,—  
The gossips as they pass and greet,—  
These—these are plain to all men's eyes,  
Therefore with these they sympathize.  
Further (neglect not this advice !)  
Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head ;  
He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.  
From that day forth his work was planned  
So that the world might understand.  
He carved it deeper, and more plain ;  
He carved it thrice as large again ;  
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost ;  
—Ah, but the Artist that was lost !

### PALOMYDES.

HIM best in all the dim Arthuriad,  
Of lovers of fair women, him I prize,—  
The Pagan Palomydes. Never glad  
Was he with sweetness of his lady's eyes,  
Nor joy he had.

But, unloved ever, still must love the same,  
And riding ever through a lonely world,  
Whene'er on adverse shield or crest he came,  
Against the danger desperately hurled,  
Crying her name.

So I, who strove to You I may not earn,  
Methinks, am come unto so high a place,  
That though from hence I can but vainly yearn  
For that averted favor of your face,  
I shall not turn.

*Palomydes.*

No, I am come too high. Whate'er betide,  
To find the doubtful thing that fights with me,  
Toward the mountain tops I still shall ride,  
And cry your name in my extremity,  
As Palomyde,

Until the issue come. Will it disclose  
No gift of grace, no pity made complete,  
After much labor done,—much war with woes?  
Will you deny me still in Heaven, my sweet ;—  
Ah, Death—who knows?

ANDRÉ LE CHAPELAIN.

*(Clerk of Love, 1170.)*

HIS PLAINT TO VENUS OF THE COMING YEARS.

*" Plus ne suis ce que j'ay esté  
Et ne le saurois jamais estre ;  
Mon beau printemps et mon esté  
Ont fait le saut par la fenestre."*

CLEMENT MAROT, 1537.

QUEEN VENUS, round whose feet,  
To tend thy sacred fire,  
With service bitter-sweet  
Nor youths nor maidens tire ;—  
Goddess, whose bounties be  
Large as the un-oared sea ;—

*André Le Chapelain.*

Mother, whose eldest born  
First stirred his stammering tongue,  
In the world's youngest morn,  
When the first daisies sprung :—  
Whose last, when Time shall die,  
In the same grave shall lie :—

Hear thou one suppliant more !  
Must I, thy Bard, grow old,  
Bent, with the temples frore,  
Not jocund be nor bold,  
To tune for folk in May  
Ballad and virelay ?

Shall the youths jeer and jape,  
“ Behold his verse doth dote,—  
Leave thou Love's lute to scrape,  
And tune thy wrinkled throat  
To songs of 'Flesh in Grass,' ”—  
Shall they cry thus and pass ?

And the sweet girls go by ?  
“ Beshrew the grey-beard's tune !—  
What ails his minstrelsy  
To sing us snow in June ! ”



*André Le Chapelain.*

Shall they too laugh, and fleet  
Far in the sun-warmed street ?

But Thou, whose beauty bright,  
Upon thy wooded hill,  
With ineffectual light  
The wan sun seeketh still ;—  
Woman, whose tears are dried,  
Hardly, for Adon's side,—

Have pity, Erycine !  
Withhold not all thy sweets ;  
Must I thy gifts resign  
For Love's mere broken meats ;  
And suit for alms prefer  
That was thine Almoner ?

Must I, as bondsman, kneel  
That, in full many a cause,  
Have scrolled thy just appeal ?  
Have I not writ thy Laws ?  
*That none from Love shall take  
Save but for Love's sweet sake ;—*

*That none shall aught refuse  
To Love of Love's fair dues ;—*

*André Le Chapelain.*

*That none dear Love shall scoff  
Or deem foul shame thereof ;—  
That none shall traitor be  
To Love's own secrecy ;—*

Avert,—avert it, Queen !  
Debarred thy listed sports,  
Let me at least be seen  
An usher in thy courts,  
Outworn, but still indued  
With badge of servitude.

When I no more may go,  
As one who treads on air,  
To string-notes soft and slow,  
By maids found sweet and fair—  
When I no more may be  
Of Love's blithe company ;—

When I no more may sit  
Within thine own pleasance,  
To weave, in sentence fit,  
Thy golden dalliance ;  
When other hands than these  
Record thy soft decrees ;—

*André Le Chapelain.*

Leave me at least to sing  
About thine outer wall,  
To tell thy pleasuring,  
Thy mirth, thy festival ;  
Yea, let my swan-song be  
Thy grace, thy sanctity.

[*Here ended André's words :*  
*But One, that writeth, saith—*  
*Betwixt his stricken chords*  
*He heard the Wheels of Death ;*  
*And knew the fruits Love bare*  
*But Dead-Sea apples were.*]

A ROMAN "ROUND-ROBIN."

("HIS FRIENDS" TO QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS.)

"*Hæc decies repetita [non] placebit.*"—ARS POETICA.

FLACCUS, you write us charming songs :  
No bard we know possesses  
In such perfection what belongs  
To brief and bright addresses ;

No man can say that Life is short  
With mien so little fretful ;  
No man to Virtue's paths exhort  
In phrases less regretful ;

*A Roman "Round-Robin."*

Or touch, with more serene distress,  
On Fortune's ways erratic ;  
And then delightfully digress  
From Alp to Adriatic :

All this is well, no doubt, and tends  
Barbarian minds to soften ;  
But, Horace—we, we are your friends—  
Why tell *us* this so often ?

Why feign to spread a cheerful feast,  
And then thrust in our faces  
These barren scraps (to say the least)  
Of Stoic common-places ?

Recount, and welcome, your pursuits :  
Sing Lydé's lyre and hair ;  
Sing drums and Berecynthian flutes ;  
Sing parsley-wreaths ; but spare,—

O, spare to sing, what none deny,  
That things we love decay ;—  
That Time and Gold have wings to fly ;—  
That all must Fate obey !

*A Roman "Round-Robin."*

Or bid us dine—on this day week—  
And pour us, if you can,  
As soft and sleek as girlish cheek,  
Your inmost Cæcuban ;—

Of that we fear not overplus ;  
But your didactic ' tap '—  
Forgive us !—grows monotonous ;  
*Nunc vale ! Verbum sap.*

## A LEGACY.

AH, Postumus, we all must go :

    This keen North-Easter nips my shoulder ;  
My strength begins to fail ; I know  
    *You* find me older ;

I've made my Will. Dear, faithful friend—

    My Muse's friend and not my purse's !  
Who still would hear and still commend  
    My tedious verses,

How will you live—of these deprived ?

    I've learned your candid soul. The venal,—  
The sordid friend had scarce survived  
    A test so penal ;

*A Legacy.*

But you—Nay, nay, 'tis so. The rest  
Are not as you : you hide your merit ;  
You, more than all, deserve the best  
True friends inherit ;—

Not gold—that hearts like yours despise ;  
Not “ spacious dirt ” (your own expression),  
No ; but the rarer, dearer prize—  
The life's confession !

You catch my thought ? What ? Can't you guess ?  
You, you alone, admired my Cantos ;—  
I've left you, P., my whole MS.,  
In three portmanteaus !



LINES TO A STUPID PICTURE.

*"—the music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.*

AYLMER'S FIELD.

FIVE geese,—a landscape damp and wild,—  
A stunted, not too pretty, child,  
    Beneath a battered gingham ;  
Such things, to say the least, require  
A Muse of more-than-average Fire  
    To adequately sing 'em.

And yet—Why should they? Souls of mark  
Have sprung from such ;—e'en Joan of Arc  
    Had scarce a grander duty ;

*Lines to a Stupid Picture.*

Not always ('tis a maxim trite)  
From righteous sources comes the right,—  
From beautiful the beauty.

Who shall decide where seed is sown ?  
Maybe some priceless germ was blown  
To this unwholesome marish ;  
(And what must grow will still increase  
Though cackled round by half the geese  
And ganders in the parish.)

Maybe this homely face may hide  
A Staël before whose mannish pride  
Our frailer sex may tremble ;  
Perchance this audience anserine  
May hiss (O fluttering Muse of mine !)—  
May hiss—a future Kemble !

Or say the gingham shadows o'er  
An undeveloped Hannah More !—  
A latent Mrs. Trimmer ! !  
Who shall affirm it ?—who deny ?—  
Since of the truth nor you nor I  
Discern the faintest glimmer ?

*Lines to a Stupid Picture.*

So then—Caps off, my Masters all ;  
Reserve your final word,—recall  
    Your all-too-hasty strictures ;  
Caps off, I say, for Wisdom sees  
Potential possibilities  
    In most unhopeful pictures.

## TWO SERMONS.

BETWEEN the rail of woven brass  
That hides the "Strangers' Pew,"  
I hear the gray-haired vicar pass  
From Section One to Two.

And somewhere on my left I see—  
Whene'er I chance to look—  
A soft-eyed, girl St. Cecily,  
Who notes them—in a book.

Ah, worthy GOODMAN,—sound divine !  
Shall I your wrath incur,  
If I admit these thoughts of mine  
Will sometimes stray—to her ?

*Two Sermons.*

I know your theme, and I revere ;  
I hear your precepts tried ;  
Must I confess I also hear  
A sermon at my side ?

Or now explain this need I feel,—  
This impulse prompting me  
Within my secret self to kneel  
To Faith, to Purity.

## THE BOOKWORM.

•

We flung the close-kept casement wide ;  
The myriad atom-play  
Streamed, with the mid-day's glancing tide,  
Across him as he lay ;  
Only the unused summer gust  
Moved the thin hair of Dryasdust.

The notes he writ were barely dry ;  
The entering breeze's breath  
Fluttered the fruitless casuistry,  
Checked at the leaf where Death—  
The final commentator—thrust  
His cold " Here endeth Dryasdust."

O fool and blind ! The leaf that grew,  
The opening bud, the trees,

*The Bookworm.*

The face of men, he nowise knew,  
Or careless turned from these  
To delve, in folios' rust and must,  
The tomb he lived in, dry as dust.

He left, for mute Salmasius,  
The lore a child may teach,—  
For saws of dead Libanius,  
The sound of uttered speech ;  
No voice had pierced the sheep-skin crust  
That bound the heart of Dryasdust.

And so, with none to close his eyes,  
And none to mourn him dead,  
He in his dumb book-Babel lies  
With gray dust garmented.  
Let be ; pass on. It is but just—  
These were thy gods, O Dryasdust !

Dig we his grave where no birds greet,—  
He loved no song of birds ;  
Lay we his bones where no men meet,—  
He loved no spoken words ;  
He let his human-nature rust—  
Write his *Hic Jacet* in the Dust.

“ THE JESSAMY BRIDE.”

(A PORTRAIT OF MRS. GWYN, NÉE HORNECK.)

“ AND you went once with myrtle crowned ! ”

You once were she, for whom  
Poor GOLDSMITH'S gentle genius found  
That name of jasmine-bloom !

How strange it seems ! You whom he loved,  
You who were breathing,—vital,—  
Not feigned in books,—for us have proved  
Scarce but a fragrant title ;—

A shape too shadowy far to stand  
Beside the girl Primroses,—  
Beside the dear old Vicar, and  
Our more-than-brother, Moses !



*"The Jessamy Bride."*

We cannot guess your voice, who know  
Scamp Tony's view-halloo ;  
For us e'en thin Beau Tibbs must show  
More palpable than you !—

Yet some scant news we have. You came,  
When that kind soul had fled ;  
You begged his hair ; you kept his name  
Long on your lips, 'tis said ;

You lived ;—and died. Or when, or how,  
Who asks ! This age of ours  
But marks your grass-grown headstone now  
By GOLDSMITH'S jasmine flowers !

## VERSES TO ORDER.

(FOR A DRAWING BY MR. E. A. ABBEY.)

How weary 'twas to wait ! The year  
Went dragging slowly on ;  
The red leaf to the running brook  
Dropped sadly, and was gone ;  
December came, and locked in ice  
The plashing of the mill ;  
The white snow filled the orchard up ;  
But she was waiting still.

Spring stirred and broke. The rocks once  
more  
'Gan cawing up aloft ;

*Verses to Order.*

The young lambs' new awakened cries  
Came trembling from the croft ;  
The clumps of primrose filled again  
The hollows by the way ;  
The pale wind-flowers blew ; but she  
Grew paler still than they.

How weary 'twas to wait ! With June,  
Through all the drowsy street,  
Came distant rumors of the war ;  
And murmurs of the fleet,  
The gossips, from the market-stalls,  
Cried news of Joe and Tim ;  
But June shed all her leaves, and still  
There came no news of him.

And then, at last, at last, at last,  
One blessèd August morn,  
Beneath the yellowing autumn elms,  
Pang-panging came the horn ;  
The swift coach paused a creaking space,  
Then flashed away, and passed ;  
But she stood trembling yet, and dazed :  
The news had come—at last !

*Verses to Order.*

And thus the artist saw her stand,  
While all around her seems  
As vague and shadowy as the shapes  
That flit from us in dreams ;  
And naught in all the world is true,  
Save those few words which tell  
That him she lost is found again—  
Is found again—and well !

TO A CHILD.

(FROM THE "GARLAND OF RACHEL.")

How shall I sing you, Child, for whom  
So many lyres are strung ;  
Or how the only tone assume  
That fits a Maid so young ?

What rocks there are on either hand !  
Suppose—' tis on the cards—  
You should grow up with quite a grand  
Platonic hate for bards !

How shall I then be shamed, undone,  
For ah ! with what a scorn  
Your eyes must greet that luckless One  
Who rhymed you, newly born,—

*To a Child.*

Who o'er your "helpless cradle" bent  
His idle verse to turn ;  
And twanged his tiresome instrument  
Above your unconcern !

Nay,—let my words be so discreet,  
That, keeping chance in view,  
Whatever after fate you meet  
A part may still be true.

Let others wish you mere good looks,—  
Your sex is always fair ;  
Or to be writ in Fortune's books,—  
She's rich who has to spare :

I wish you but a heart that's kind,  
A head that's sound and clear ;  
(Yet let the heart be not too blind,  
The head not too severe !)

A joy of life, a frank delight ;  
A moderate desire ;  
And—if you fail to find a Knight—  
At least—a trusty Squire.

JOCOSA LYRA.

IN our hearts is the GREAT ONE of AVON  
Engraven,  
And we climb the cold summits once built on  
By MILTON.

But at times not the air that is rarest  
Is fairest,  
And we long in the valley to follow  
Apollo.

Then we drop from the heights atmospheric  
To HERRICK,  
Or we pour the Greek honey, grown blander,  
Of LANDOR ;

*Jocosa Lyra.*

Or our cosiest nook in the shade is  
  Where PRAED is,  
Or we toss the light bells of the mocker  
  With LOCKER.

Oh, the song where not one of the Graces  
  Tight-laces,—  
Where we woo the sweet Muses not starchly,  
  But archly,—

Where the verse, like the piper a-Maying,  
  Comes playing,—  
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer  
  In answer,—

It will last till men weary of pleasure  
  In measure !  
It will last till men weary of laughter . . .  
  And after !



## MY BOOKS.

THEY dwell in the odor of camphor,  
They stand in a Sheraton shrine,  
They are "warranted early editions,"  
These worshipful tomes of mine ;—

In their creamy "Oxford vellum,"  
In their redolent "crushed Levant,"  
With their delicate watered linings,  
They are jewels of price, I grant ;—

Blind-tooled and morocco-jointed,  
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,  
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,  
But they gather the dust, no less ;—

*My Books.*

For the row that I prize is yonder,  
    Away on the unglazed shelves,  
The bulged and bruised *octavos*,  
    The dear and dumpy twelves,—

Montaigne with his sheepskin blistered,  
    And Howell the worse for wear,  
And the worm-drilled Jesuit's Horace,  
    And the little old cropped Molière,—

And the Burton I bought for a florin,  
    And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd.—  
For the others I never have opened,  
    But those are the books I read.

## THE BOOK-PLATE'S PETITION.

BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE TEMPLE.

WHILE cynic CHARLES still trimm'd the vane  
'Twixt *Querouaille* and *Castlemaine*,  
In days that shocked JOHN EVELYN,  
My First Possessor fix'd me in.  
In days of *Dutchmen* and of frost,  
The narrow sea with JAMES I cross'd,  
Returning when once more began  
The Age of *Saturn* and of ANNE.  
I am a part of all the past ;  
I knew the GEORGES, first and last ;  
I have been oft where else was none  
Save the great wig of ADDISON ;  
And seen on shelves beneath me grope

*The Book-plate's Petition.*

The little eager form of POPE.  
I lost the Third that own'd me when  
French NOAILLES fled at Dettingen ;  
The year JAMES WOLFE surpris'd Quebec,  
The Fourth in hunting broke his neck ;  
The day that WILLIAM HOGARTH dy'd,  
The Fifth one found me in Cheapside.  
This was a *Scholar*, one of those  
Whose *Greek* is sounder than their *hose* ;  
He lov'd old Books and nappy ale,  
So liv'd at Streatham, next to THRALE.  
'Twas there this stain of grease I boast  
Was made by Dr. JOHNSON'S toast.  
(He did it, as I think, for Spite ;  
My Master call'd him *Jacobite* !)  
And now that I so long to-day  
Have rested *post discrimina*,  
Safe in the brass-wir'd book-case where  
I watch'd the Vicar's whit'ning hair,  
Must I these travel'd bones inter  
In some *Collector's* sepulcher !  
Must I be torn from hence and thrown  
With *frontispiece* and *colophon* !  
With vagrant *E's*, and *I's*, and *O's*,  
The spoil of plunder'd *Folios* !

*The Book-plate's Petition.*

With scraps and snippets that to ME  
Are naught but *kitchen company!*  
Nay, rather, FRIEND, this favor grant me :  
Tear me at once ; *but don't transplant me.*

CHELTENHAM, *Sept.* 31, 1792.

## IN TOWN.

*“The blue fly sung in the pane.”—TENNYSON.*

TOILING in Town now is “horrid,”  
(There is that woman again!)—  
June in the zenith is torrid,  
Thought gets dry in the brain.

There is that woman again :  
“Strawberries ! fourpence a pottle !”  
Thought gets dry in the brain ;  
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

“Strawberries ! fourpence a pottle !”  
O for the green of a lane !—  
Ink gets dry in the bottle ;  
“Buzz ” goes a fly in the pane !

*In Town.*

O for the green of a lane,  
Where one might lie and be lazy !  
“ Buzz ” goes a fly in the pane ;  
Bluebottles drive me crazy !

Where one might lie and be lazy,  
Careless of town and all in it !—  
Bluebottles drive me crazy :  
I shall go mad in a minute !

Careless of town and all in it,  
With some one to soothe and to still you ;—  
I shall go mad in a minute ;  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you !

With some one to soothe and to still you,  
As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you :  
There now ! I've broken the window !

As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Some muslin-clad Mabel or May !—  
There now ! I've broken the window !  
Bluebottle's off and away !

*In Town.*

Some muslin-clad Mabel or May,  
To dash one with eau de Cologne ;—  
Bluebottle's off and away ;  
And why should I stay here alone !

To dash one with eau de Cologne,  
All over one's eminent forehead ;—  
And why should I stay here alone !  
Toiling in Town now is "horrid."



## GROWING GRAY.

*"On a l'âge de son cœur."*—A. D'HOUDETOT.

A LITTLE more toward the light ;—  
Me miserable ! Here's one that's white ;  
    And one that's turning ;  
Adieu to song and "salad days ;"  
My muse, let's go at once to Jay's,  
    And order mourning.

We must reform our rhymes, my Dear,—  
Renounce the gay for the severe,—  
    Be grave, not witty ;  
We have, no more, the right to find  
That Pyrrha's hair is neatly twined,—  
    That Chloe's pretty.

*Growing Gray.*

Young Love's for us a farce that's played ;  
Light canzonet and serenade  
    No more may tempt us ;  
Gray hairs but ill accord with dreams ;  
From aught but sour didactic themes  
    Our years exempt us.

Indeed ! You really fancy so ?  
You think for one white streak we grow  
    At once satiric ?  
A fiddlestick ! Each hair's a string  
To which our grey-beard Muse shall sing  
    A younger lyric.

The heart's still sound. Shall "cakes and ale"  
Grow rare to youth because *we* rail  
    At schoolboy dishes ?  
Perish the thought ! 'Tis ours to sing  
When neither Time nor Tide can bring  
    Belief with wishes.

## THE DISTRESSED POET.

A SUGGESTION FROM HOGARTH.

ONE knows the scene so well,—a touch,  
A word, brings back again  
That room, not garnished overmuch,  
In gusty Drury Lane ;

The empty safe, the child that cries,  
The kittens on the coat,  
The good-wife with her patient eyes,  
The milkmaid's tuneless throat ;

And last, in that mute woe sublime,  
The luckless verse man's air :  
The "Bysshe," the foolscap and the rhyme,  
The Rhyme—that is not there !

*The Distressed Poet.*

Poor bard ! To dream the verse inspired—  
With dews Castalian wet—  
Is built from cold abstractions squired  
By "Bysse," his epithet !

Ah ! when she comes, the glad-eyed Muse,  
No step upon the stair  
Betrays the guest that none refuse,—  
She takes us unaware ;

And tips with fire our lyric lips,  
And sets our hearts a flame,  
And then, like Ariel, off she trips  
And none know how she came.

Only, henceforth, for right or wrong,  
By some dull sense grown keen,  
Some blank hour blossomed into song,  
We feel that she has been.

## A LOVE-SONG.

(A.D. 1700.)

WHEN first in CELIA'S ear I poured  
A yet unpracticed pray'r,  
My trembling tongue sincere ignored  
The aids of "sweet" and "fair."  
I only said, as in me lay,  
I'd strive her "worth" to reach ;  
She frowned, and turned her eyes away,—  
So much for truth in speech.

Then DELIA came. I changed my plan ;  
I praised her to her face ;  
I praised her features,—praised her fan,  
Her lap-dog and her lace ;  
I swore that not till Time were dead  
My passion should decay ;  
She, smiling, gave her hand, and said  
'Twill last then—for a DAY.

## AN APRIL PASTORAL.

*He.* Whither away, fair Neat-herdess?

*She.* Shepherd, I go to tend my kine.

*He.* Stay thou, and watch this flock of mine.

*She.* With thee? Nay, that were idleness.

*He.* Thy kine will pasture none the less.

*She.* Not so : they wait me and my sign.

*He.* I'll pipe to thee beneath the pine.

*She.* Thy pipe will soothe not their distress.

*He.* Dost thou not hear beside the spring  
How the gay birds are caroling?

*She.* I hear them. But it may not be.

*He.* Farewell then, Sweetheart ! Farewell now.

*She.* Shepherd, farewell— Where goest thou?

*He.* I go . . . to tend thy kine for thee !

## DON QUIXOTE.

Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,  
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,  
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe  
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back  
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack !  
To make Wiseacredom, both high and low,  
Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)  
Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track :  
Alas ! poor Knight ! Alas ! poor soul possest !  
Yet would to-day when Courtesy grows chill  
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest  
Some fire of thine might burn within us still !  
Ah, would but one might lay his lance in rest,  
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill !

## THE LOST ELIXIR.

*“ One drop of ruddy human blood puts more life into the veins of a poem than all the delusive ‘ aurum potable ’ that can be distilled out of the choicest library.”—LOWELL.*

AH, yes, that “ drop of human blood ! ”—  
We had it once, may be,  
When our young song’s impetuous flood  
First poured its ecstasy ;  
But now the shrunk poetic vein  
Yields not that priceless drop again.

We toil,—as toiled we not of old ;—  
Our patient hands distill  
The shining spheres of chemic gold  
With hard-won, fruitless skill ;



*The Lost Elixir.*

But that red drop still seems to be  
Beyond our utmost alchemy.

Perchance, but most in later age,  
Time's after-gift, a tear,  
Will strike a pathos on the page  
Beyond all art sincere ;  
But that " one drop of human blood "   
Has gone with life's first leaf and bud.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.



## INCOGNITA.

JUST for a space that I met her—  
Just for a day in the train !  
It began when she feared it would wet her,  
That tiniest spurtle of rain :  
So we tucked a great rug in the sashes,  
And carefully padded the pane ;  
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes,  
Longing to do it again !

Then it grew when she begged me to reach her  
A dressing-case under the seat ;  
She was "really so tiny a creature,  
That she needed a stool for her feet !"  
Which was promptly arranged to her order  
With a care that was even minute,

*Incognita.*

And a glimpse—of an open-work border,  
And a glance—of the fairest boot.

Then it drooped, and revived at some hovels—

“Were they houses for men or for pigs?”

Then it shifted to muscular novels,

With a little digression on prigs :

She thought “Wives and Daughters” “so jolly ;

“Had I read it?” She knew when I had,

Like the rest, I should dote upon “Molly ;”

And “poor Mrs. Gaskell—how sad !”

“Like Browning?” “But so-so.” His proof lay

Too deep for her frivolous mood,

That preferred your mere metrical *soufflé*

To the stronger poetical food ;

Yet at times he was good—“as a tonic :”

Was Tennyson writing just now ?

And was this new poet Byronic,

And clever, and naughty, or how ?

Then we trifled with concerts and croquet,

Then she daintily dusted her face ;

Then she sprinkled herself with “Ess Bouquet,”

Fished out from the foregoing case ;

*Incognita.*

And we chattered of Gassier and Grisi,  
And voted Aunt Sally a bore ;  
Discussed if the tight rope were easy,  
Or Chopin much harder than Spohr.

And oh ! the odd things that she quoted,  
With the prettiest possible look,  
And the price of two buns that she noted  
In the prettiest possible book ;  
While her talk like a musical rillet  
Flashed on with the hours that flew,  
And the carriage, her smile seemed to fill it  
With just enough summer—for Two.

Till at last in her corner, peeping  
From a nest of rugs and of furs,  
With the white shut eyelids sleeping  
On those dangerous looks of hers,  
She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,  
Not wholly alive nor dead,  
But with one blind impulse making  
To the sounds of the spring overhead ;

And I watched in the lamplight's swerving  
The shade of the down-dropt lid,

*Incognita.*

And the lip-line's delicate curving,  
Where a slumbering smile lay hid,  
Till I longed that, rather than sever,  
The train should shriek into space,  
And carry us onward—forever,—  
Me and that beautiful face.

But she suddenly woke in a fidget,  
With fears she was “nearly at home,”  
And talk of a certain Aunt Bridget,  
Whom I mentally wished—well at Rome ;  
Got out at the very next station,  
Looking back with a merry *Bon Soir*,  
Adding, too, to my utter vexation,  
A surplus, unkind *Au Revoir*.

So left me to muse on her graces,  
To doze and to muse, till I dreamed  
That we sailed through the sunniest places  
In a glorified galley, it seemed ;  
But the cabin was made of a carriage,  
And the ocean was Eau-de-Cologne,  
And we split on a rock labeled MARRIAGE,  
And I woke,—as cold as a stone.

*Incognita.*

And that's how I lost her—a jewel,  
    *Incognita*—one in a crowd,  
Nor prudent enough to be cruel,  
    Nor worldly enough to be proud.  
It was just a shut lid and its lashes,  
    Just a few hours in a train,  
And I sorrow in sackcloth and ashes  
    Longing to see her again.



DORA *VERSUS* ROSE.

*"The case is proceeding."*

FROM the tragic-est novels at Mudie's—  
At least, on a practical plan—  
To the tales of mere Hodges and Judys,  
One love is enough for a man.  
But no case that I ever yet met is  
Like mine : I am equally fond  
Of Rose, who a charming brunette is,  
And Dora, a blonde.

Each rivals the other in powers—  
Each waltzes, each warbles, each paints—  
Miss Rose, chiefly tumble-down towers ;  
Miss Do., perpendicular saints.

*Dora Versus Rose.*

In short, to distinguish is folly ;  
    'Twixt the pair I am come to the pass  
Of Macheath, between Lucy and Polly,—  
                    Or Buridan's ass.

If it happens that Rosa I've singled  
    For a soft celebration in rhyme,  
Then the ringlets of Dora get mingled  
    Somehow with the tune and the time ;  
Or I painfully pen me a sonnet  
    To an eyebrow intended for Do.'s,  
And behold I am writing upon it  
                    The legend, " To Rose."

Or I try to draw Dora (my blotter  
    Is all overscrawled with her head),  
If I fancy at last that I've got her,  
    It turns to her rival in stead ;  
Or I find myself placidly adding  
    To the rapturous tresses of Rose  
Miss Dora's bud-mouth, and her madding,  
                    Ineffable nose.

Was there ever so sad a dilemma ?  
    For Rose I would perish (*pro tem.*) ;

*Dora Versus Rose.*

For Dora I'd willingly stem a—  
    (Whatever might offer to stem) ;  
But to make the invidious election,—  
    To declare that on either one's side  
I've a scruple,—a grain, more affection,  
    I *cannot* decide.

And, as either so hopelessly nice is,  
    My sole and my final resource  
Is to wait some indefinite crisis,—  
    Some feat of molecular force,  
To solve me this riddle conducive  
    By no means to peace or repose,  
Since the issue can scarce be inclusive  
    Of Dora *and* Rose.

*(Afterthought.)*

But, perhaps, if a third (say a Norah),  
    Not quite so delightful as Rose,—  
Not wholly so charming as Dora,—  
    Should appear, is it wrong to suppose,—  
As the claims of the others are equal,—  
    And flight—in the main—is the best,—  
That I might . . . But no matter,—the sequel  
    Is easily guessed.

AD ROSAM.

*“Mitte sectari ROSA quo locorum  
Sera moretur.”*

—HOR. I. 38.

I HAD a vacant dwelling—  
Where situated, I,  
As naught can serve the telling,  
Decline to specify ;—  
Enough 'twas neither haunted,  
Entailed, nor out of date ;  
I put up “Tenant Wanted,”  
And left the rest to Fate.

Then, Rose, you passed the window,—  
I see you passing yet,—  
Ah, what could I within do,  
When, Rose, our glances met !

*Ad Rosam.*

You snared me, Rose, with ribbons,  
Your rose-mouth made me thrall,  
Brief—briefer far than Gibbon's,  
Was my "Decline and Fall."

I heard the summons spoken  
That all hear—king and clown :  
You smiled—the ice was broken ;  
You stopped—the bill was down.  
How blind we are ! It never  
Occurred to me to seek  
If you had come forever,  
Or only for a week.

The words your voice neglected,  
Seemed written in your eyes ;  
The thought your heart protected,  
Your cheek told, missal-wise ;—  
I read the rubric plainly  
As any Expert could ;  
In short, we dreamed,—insanely,  
As only lovers should.

I broke the tall Ænone,  
That then my chambers graced,

*Ad Rosam.*

Because she seemed "too bony,"  
To suit your purist taste ;  
And you, without vexation,  
May certainly confess  
Some graceful approbation,  
Designed *à mon adresse*.

You liked me then, *carina*,—  
You liked me then, I think ;  
For your sake gall had been a  
Mere tonic-cup to drink ;  
For your sake, bonds were trivial,  
The rack, a *tour-de-force* ;  
And banishment, convivial,—  
Your coming too, of course.

Then, Rose, a word in jest meant  
Would throw you in a state  
That no well-timed investment  
Could quite alleviate ;  
Beyond a Paris trousseau  
You prized my smile, I know,  
I, yours—ah, more than Rousseau  
The lip of d'Houdetot.

*Ad Rosam.*

Then, Rose,—But why pursue it ?  
When Fate begins to frown  
Best write the final “*fuit*,”  
And gulp the physic down.  
And yet,—and yet, that only,  
The song should end with this :—  
You left me,—left me lonely,  
*Rosa mutabilis !*

Left me, with Time for Mentor,  
(A dreary *tête-à-tête !*)  
To pen my “Last Lament,” or  
Extemporize to Fate,  
In blankest verse disclosing  
My bitterness of mind,—  
Which is, I learn, composing  
In cases of the kind.

No, Rose. Though you refuse me,  
Culture the pang prevents ;  
“I am not made”—excuse me—  
“Of so slight elements ;”  
I leave to common lovers  
The hemlock or the hood ;  
My rarer soul recovers  
In dreams of public good.

*Ad Rosam.*

The Roses of this nation—  
Or so I understand  
From careful computation—  
Exceed the gross demand ;  
And, therefore, in civility  
To maids that can't be matched,  
No man of sensibility  
Should linger unattached.

So, without further fashion—  
A modern Curtius,  
Plunging, from pure compassion,  
To aid the overplus,—  
I sit down, sad—not daunted,  
And, in my weeds, begin  
A new card—"Tenant Wanted ;  
Particulars within."



## OUTWARD BOUND.

(HORACE, III. 7.)

*" Quid fles, Asterie, quem tibi candidi  
Primo restituent vere Favonii—  
Gygen ? "*

COME, Laura, patience. Time and Spring  
Your absent Arthur back shall bring,  
Enriched with many an Indian thing  
    Once more to woo you ;  
Him neither wind nor wave can check,  
Who, cramped beneath the " Simla's " deck,  
Still constant, though with stiffened neck,  
    Makes verses to you.

*Outward Bound.*

Would it were wave and wind alone !  
The terrors of the torrid zone,  
The indiscriminate cyclone,  
    A man might parry ;  
But only faith, or "triple brass,"  
Can help the "outward-bound" to pass  
Safe through that eastward-faring class  
    Who sail to marry.

For him fond mothers, stout and fair,  
Ascend the tortuous cabin stair  
Only to hold around his chair  
    Insidious sessions ;  
For him the eyes of daughters droop  
Across the plate of handed soup,  
Suggesting seats upon the poop,  
    And soft confessions.

Nor are these all his pains, nor most.  
Romancing captains cease to boast—  
Loud majors leave their whist—to roast  
    The youthful griffin ;  
All, all with pleased persistence show  
His fate,—“ remote, unfriended, slow,”—  
His “melancholy” bungalow,—  
    His lonely tiffin.

*Outward Bound.*

In vain. Let doubts assail the weak ;  
Unmoved and calm as "Adam's Peak,"  
Your "blameless Arthur" hears them speak  
    Of woes that wait him ;  
Naught can subdue his soul secure ;  
"Arthur will come again," be sure,  
Though matron shrewd and maid mature  
    Conspire to mate him.

But, Laura, on your side, forbear  
To greet with too impressed an air  
A certain youth with chestnut hair,—  
    A youth unstable ;  
Albeit none more skilled can guide  
The frail canoe on Thamis tide,  
Or, trimmer-footed, lighter glide  
    Through "Guards" or "Mabel."

Be warned in time. Without a trace  
Of acquiescence on your face,  
Hear, in the waltz's breathing space,  
    His airy patter ;  
Avoid the confidential nook ;  
If, when you sing, you find his look  
Grow tender, close your music-book,  
    And end the matter.

IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY

HUGH (*on furlough*).      HELEN (*his cousin*).

HELEN.

They have not come ! And ten is past,—  
Unless, by chance, my watch is fast ;  
—Aunt Mabel surely told us “ten.”

HUGH.

I doubt if she can do it, then.  
In fact, their train . . . .

HELEN.

That is,—you knew.  
How could you be so treacherous, Hugh ?

*In the Royal Academy.*

HUGH.

Nay ;—it is scarcely mine, the crime,  
One can't account for railway-time !  
Where shall we sit ? Not here, I vote ;—  
At least, there's nothing here of note.

HELEN.

Then *here* we'll stay, please. Once for all,  
I bar all artists,—great and small !  
From now until we go in June  
I shall hear nothing but this tune :—  
Whether I like Long's " Vashti," or  
Like Leslie's " Naughty Kitty " more ;  
With all that critics, right or wrong,  
Have said of Leslie and of Long . . . .  
No. If you value my esteem,  
I beg you'll take another theme ;  
Paint me some pictures, if you will,  
But spare me these, for good and ill . . . .

HUGH.

" Paint you some pictures !" Come, that's  
kind !  
You know I'm nearly color-blind.

*In the Royal Academy.*

HELEN.

Paint then, in words. You did before ;  
Scenes at—where was it? Dustypoor?  
You know . . . .

HUGH (*with an inspiration*).

I'll try.

HELEN.

But mind they're pretty  
Not "hog hunts." . . . .

HUGH.

You shall be Committee,  
And say if they are "out" or "in."

HELEN.

I shall reject them all. Begin.

HUGH.

Here is the first. An antique Hall  
(Like Chanticleere) with paneled wall.  
A boy, or rather lad. A girl,  
Laughing with all her rows of pearl  
Before a portrait in a ruff.  
He meanwhile watches . . . .

*In the Royal Academy.*

HELEN.

That's enough,  
It wants "verve," "brio," "breadth,"  
"design," . . . .  
Besides, it's English. I decline.

HUGH.

This is the next. 'Tis finer far :  
A foaming torrent (say Braemar).  
A pony, grazing by a boulder,  
Then the same pair, a little older,  
Left by some lucky chance together.  
He begs her for a sprig of heather . . . .

HELEN.

—"Which she accords with smile seraphic."  
I know it,—it was in the "Graphic."  
Declined.

HUGH.

Once more, and I forego  
All hopes of hanging, high or low :  
Behold the hero of the scene,  
In bungalow and palankeen . . . .

*In the Royal Academy.*

HELEN.

What!—all at once! But that's absurd;—  
Unless he's Sir Boyle Roche's bird!

HUGH.

Permit me—'Tis a Panorama,  
In which the person of the drama,  
Mid orientals dusk and tawny,  
Mid warriors drinking brandy pawnee,  
Mid scorpions, dowagers, and griffins,  
In morning rides, at noon-day tiffins,  
In every kind of place and weather,  
Is solaced . . . . by a sprig of heather.

*(More seriously.)*

He puts that faded scrap before  
The "Rajah," or the "Koh-i-noor" . . . .  
He would not barter it for all  
Benares, or the Taj-Mahal . .  
It guides,—directs his every act,  
And word and thought—In short—in fact—  
I mean . . . .

*(Opening his locket.)*

Look, Helen, that's the heather!  
(Too late! Here come both Aunts together.)



*In the Royal Academy.*

HELEN.

What heather, Sir ?

*(After a pause.)*

And why . . . . "too late?"

—Aunt Dora, how you've made us wait !

Don't you agree that it's a pity

Portraits are hung by the Committee ?

## THE LAST DESPATCH.

HURRAH ! the Season's past at last ;  
At length we've " done " our pleasure.  
Dear " Pater," if you *only* knew  
How much I've *longed* for home and you,—  
Our own green lawn and leisure !

And then the pets ! One half forgets  
The dear dumb friends—in Babel.  
I hope my special fish is fed ;—  
I long to see poor Nigra's head  
Pushed at me from the stable !

I long to see the cob and " Rob,"—  
Old Bevis and the Collie ;

*The Last Despatch.*

And *won't* we read in "Traveler's Rest" !  
Home readings after all are best ;—  
None else seem half so "jolly !"

One misses your dear kindly store  
Of fancies quaint and funny ;  
One misses, too, your kind *bon-mot* ,—  
The Mayfair wit I mostly know  
Has more of gall than honey !

How tired one grows of "calls and balls !"   
This "*toujours perdrix*" wearies ;  
I'm longing, quite, for "Notes on Knox" ;  
(*Apropos*, I've the loveliest box  
For holding *Notes and Queries* !)

A change of place would suit my case.  
You'll take me ?—on probation ?  
As "Lady-help," then, let it be ;  
I feel (as Lavender shall see),  
That Jams are *my* vocation !

How's Lavender ? My love to her.  
Does Briggs still flirt with Flowers ?—  
Has Hawthorn stubbed the common clear ?—  
You'll let me give *some* picnics, Dear,  
And ask the Vanes and Towers ?

*The Last Despatch.*

I met Belle Vane. "HE's" still in Spain !  
Sir John won't let them marry.  
Aunt drove the boys to Brompton Rink ;  
And Charley,—changing Charley,—think,  
Is now *au mieux* with Carry !

And NO. You know what "No" I mean—  
There's no one yet at present :  
The Benedick I have in view  
Must be a something wholly new,—  
One's father's *far* too pleasant.

So hey, I say, for home and you !  
Good-by to Piccadilly ;  
Balls, beaux, and Bolton-row, adieu !  
Expect me, Dear, at half-past two ;  
Till then,—your Own Fond—MILLY.

“PREMIERS AMOURS.”

*Old Loves and old dreams,—  
“Requiescant in pace.”  
How strange now it seems,—  
“Old” Loves and “old” dreams !  
Yet we once wrote you reams  
Maude, Alice and Gracie !  
Old Loves and old dreams,—  
Requiescant in pace.*

WHEN I called at the “Hollies” to-day,  
In the room with the cedar-wood presses,  
Aunt Deb. was just folding away  
What she calls her “memorial dresses.”

She'd the frock that she wore at fifteen,—  
Short-waisted, of course—my abhorrence ;  
She'd “the loveliest”—something in “een”  
That she wears in her portrait by Lawrence ;

“*Premiers Amours.*”

She'd the “jelick” she used—“as a Greek,” (!)  
She'd the habit she got her bad fall in ;  
She had e'en the blue *moiré antique*  
That she opened Squire Grasshopper's ball in :—

New and old they were all of them there :—  
Sleek velvet and bombazine stately,—  
She had hung them each over a chair  
To the “*paniers*” she's taken to lately

(Which she showed me, I think, by mistake).  
And I conned o'er the forms and the fashions,  
Till the faded old shapes seemed to wake  
All the ghosts of my passed-away “passions ;”—

From the days of love's youthfulest dream,  
When the height of my shooting idea  
Was to burn, like a young Polypheme,  
For a somewhat mature Galatea.

There was Lucy, who'd “tiffed” with her first,  
• And who threw me as soon as her third came ;  
There was Norah, whose cut was the worst,  
For she told me to wait till my “berd” came ;

“*Premiers Amours.*”

Pale Blanche, who subsisted on salts ;  
Blonde Bertha, who doted on Schiller ;  
Poor Amy, who taught me to waltz ;  
Plain Ann, that I wooed for the “siller ;”—

All danced round my head in a ring,  
Like “The Zephyrs” that somebody painted,  
All shapes of the sweet “she-thing”—  
Shy, scornful, seductive, and sainted,—

To my Wife, in the days she was young . . .  
“How, Sir,” says that lady, disgusted,  
“Do you dare to include ME among  
Your loves that have faded and rusted ?”

“Not at all !”—I benignly retort.  
(I was just the least bit in a temper !)  
“Those, alas ! were the fugitive sort,  
But you are my—*eadem semper* !”

Full stop,—and a Sermon. Yet think,—  
There was surely good ground for a quarrel,—  
She had checked me when just on the brink  
Of—I feel—a remarkable MORAL.

“POOR MISS TOX.”

*It was an ancient Shepherdess,  
Forlorn amid the flocks;  
The tears she shed for loneliness  
Would melt the hardest rocks.*

IN Dickens 'twas “Princess's Place,”  
But here 'tis “Maiden Row,”  
And yet 'tis still the self-same face,  
The self-same air I know :  
'Tis true the name is plainly “Brown,”  
'Tis true the flowers are “stocks,”  
And yet I'd wager half-a-crown  
That you are—“poor Miss Tox !”

There can't, of course, be more than one ;  
The cases must be rare



*"Poor Miss Tox."*

Of maidens left to nurse alone  
Dyspepsia and Despair ;  
Ah no ; that gown of youthful make,  
Those tresses dark as Nox,  
Those arching brows,—I can't mistake,  
You must be—" poor Miss Tox ! "

And then your daily ways :—I know  
Exactly when you dust  
The two old candlesticks of Bow  
And good John Wesley's bust ;  
Exactly as your tea is spread  
I set my pair of clocks ;  
(You take your morning meal in bed,  
I fear—my " poor Miss Tox ! ")

I see you knit, I see you hem,  
I see you painting flowers,  
I see you read " Affection's Gem,"  
Exhaustively,—for hours.  
And once—I own 'twas somewhat late—  
I saw you . . . . comb your locks ;  
Why was not mine Actæon's fate,  
O Artemis—and Tox ?

*"Poor Miss Tox."*

But still I look and still I see  
That still the days evoke  
No youth of artless modesty  
Impatient for the yoke :  
For "men may come, and men may go,"  
But ne'er a suitor knocks  
At that green door in "Maiden Row,"  
To ask for—"poor Miss Tox !"

I wish one would,—I do indeed.  
Without some careful guide  
To curb his playful ways at need,  
And o'er his purse preside ;  
To square his days to rule and plan,  
To mend his gloves and socks,  
Ah what, alas ! were helpless man,  
Ah what !—my "poor Miss Tox !"

And there must still be some, one feels,  
Whom no such sway controls ;  
Who tread this vale with undarned heels,  
And voids within their souls ;  
And I can't see why you should fail  
To shield from Fortune's shocks  
Some ardent—if not youthful—male,—  
I can't,—my "poor Miss Tox !"

*"Poor Miss Tox."*

I think it hard that fate has laid  
Your lot "upon the shelf ;"  
It cramps one's nature so to fade  
In that tight pot of Self ;  
Who knows but you might bud and bloom  
Had Wedlock's wider box  
But lent you "verge enough and room,"—  
Who knows—my "poor Miss Tox !"

### “LITTLE BLUE-RIBBONS.”

“LITTLE Blue-Ribbons !” We call her that  
From the ribbons she wears in her favorite hat ;  
For may not a person be only five,  
And yet have the neatest of taste alive ?—  
As a matter of fact, this one has views  
Of the strictest sort as to frocks and shoes ;  
And we never object to a sash or bow,  
When “little Blue-Ribbons ” prefers it so.

“Little Blue-Ribbons ” has eyes of blue,  
And an arch little mouth, when the teeth peep  
through ;  
And her primitive look is wise and grave,  
With a sense of the weight of the word “behave ;”  
Though now and again she may condescend  
To a radiant smile for a private friend ;

*"Little Blue-Ribbons."*

But to smile forever is weak, you know,  
And "little Blue-Ribbons" regards it so.

She's a staid little woman ! And so as well  
Is her ladyship's doll, "Miss Bonnibelle ;"  
But I think what at present the most takes up  
The thoughts of her heart is her last new cup ;  
For the object thereon,—be it understood,—  
Is the "Robin that buried the 'Babes in the  
Wood' "—

It is not in the least like a robin, though,  
But "little Blue-Ribbons" declares it so.

'Little Blue-Ribbons' believes, I think,  
That the rain comes down for the birds to drink ;  
Moreover, she holds, in a cab you'd get  
To the spot where the suns of yesterday set ;  
And I know that she fully expects to meet  
With a lion or wolf in Regent street !  
We may smile, and deny as we like—But, no ;  
For "little Blue-Ribbons" still dreams it so.

Dear "little Blue-Ribbons !" She tells us all  
That she never intends to be "great" and "tall" ;

*"Little Blue-Ribbons."*

(For how could she ever contrive to sit  
In her "own, own chair," if she grew one bit!)  
And, further, she says, she intends to stay  
In her "darling home" till she gets "quite gray;"  
Alas! we are gray; and we doubt, you know,  
But "little Blue-Ribbons" will have it so!

## A FAIRY TALE.

*“ On court, hélas ! après la vérité ;  
Ah ! croyez-moi, l'erreur a son mérite.”*

—VOLTAIRE.

Curled in a maze of dolls and bricks,  
I find Miss Mary, *àtât* six,  
Blonde, blue-eyed, frank, capricious,  
Absorbed in her first fairy book,  
From which she scarce can pause to look,  
Because it's “ *so* delicious ! ”

“ Such marvels, too. A crystal Boat,  
In which they cross a magic Moat,  
That's smooth as glass to row on—  
A Cat that brings all sorts of things ;  
And see, the Queen has angel wings—  
Then Ogre comes ”—and so on.

*A Fairy Tale.*

What trash it is ! How sad to find  
(Dear Moralist !) the childish mind  
    So active and so pliant,  
Rejecting themes in which you mix  
Fond truths and pleasing facts, to fix  
    On tales of Dwarf and Giant !

In merest prudence men should teach  
That cats mellifluous in speech  
    Are painful contradictions ;  
That science ranks as monstrous things  
*Two* pairs of upper limbs ; so wings—  
    E'en angels' wings !—are fictions :

That there's no giant now but steam ;  
That life, although "an empty dream,"  
    Is scarce a "land of Fairy."  
"Of course I said all this ?" Why, no ;  
I *did* a thing far wiser, though,—  
    *I read the tale with Mary.*



## DAISY'S VALENTINES.

ALL night through Daisy's sleep, it seems,  
Have ceaseless "rat-tats" thundered ;  
All night through Daisy's rosy dreams  
Have devious Postmen blundered,  
Delivering letters round her bed,—  
Suggestive missives, sealed with red,  
And franked of course with due Queen's-head,—  
While Daisy lay and wondered.

But now, when chirping birds begin,  
And Day puts off the Quaker,—  
When Cook renews her morning din,  
And rates the cheerful baker,—  
She dreams her dream no dream at all,  
For, just as pigeons come at call,

*Daisy's Valentines.*

Winged letters flutter down, and fall  
Around her head, and wake her.

Yes, there they are ! With quirk and twist,  
And fraudulent arts directed ;  
(Save Grandpapa's dear stiff old " fist,"  
Through all disguise detected ; )  
But which is his,—her young Lothair's,—  
Who wooed her on the school-room stairs  
With three sweet cakes, and two ripe pears,  
In one neat pile collected ?

'Tis there, be sure. Though truth to speak,  
(If truth may be permitted),  
I doubt that young " gift-bearing Greek "  
Is scarce for fealty fitted ;  
For has he not (I grieve to say),  
To two loves more, on this same day,  
In just this same emblazoned way,  
His transient vows transmitted ?

He *may* be true. Yet, Daisy dear,  
That even youth grows colder  
You'll find is no new thing, I fear ;  
And when you're somewhat older,

*Daisy's Valentines.*

You'll read of one Dardanian boy  
Who "wooded with gifts" a maiden coy,—  
Then took the morning train to Troy,  
In spite of all he'd told her.

But wait. Your time will come. And then,  
Obliging Fates, please send her  
The bravest thing you have in men,  
Sound-hearted, strong, and tender ;—  
The kind of man, dear Fates, you know,  
That feels how shyly Daisies grow,  
And what soft things they are, and so  
Will spare to spoil or mend her.

TALES IN RHYME.



## THE VIRGIN WITH THE BELLS.

*Much strange is true. And yet so much  
Dan Time thereto of doubtful lays,  
He blurs them both beneath his touch :—  
In this our tale his part he plays.*

AT Florence, so the legend tells,  
There stood a church that men would praise  
(Even where art the most excels)  
For works of price ; but chief for one  
They called the “ Virgin with the Bells.”  
Gracious she was, and featly done,  
With crown of gold about the hair,  
And robe of blue with stars thereon,  
And scepter in her hand did bear ;  
And o'er her, in an almond tree,  
Three little golden bells there were,

*The Virgin with the Bells.*

Writ with Faith, Hope, and Charity.  
None knew from whence she came of old,  
Nor whose the sculptor's name should be  
Of great or small. But this they told ;  
That once from out the blaze of square,  
And bickering folk that bought and sold,  
More moved no doubt of heat than prayer,  
Came to the church an Umbrian,  
Lord of much gold and champaign fair,  
But, for all this, a hard, haught man.  
To whom the priests, in humbleness,  
At once to beg for alms began,  
Praying him grant of his excess  
Such as for poor men's bread might pay,  
Or give their saint a gala-dress.  
Thereat with scorn he answered—" Nay,  
Most Reverend ! Far too well ye know,  
By guile and wile, the fox's way,  
To swell the Church's overflow.  
But ere from me the least carline  
Ye win, this summer sky shall snow ;  
Or, likelier still, your doll's-eyed queen  
Shall ring her bells . . . but not of craft.  
By Bacchus ! Ye are none too lean  
For fasting folk ! " With that he laughed,

*The Virgin with the Bells.*

And so, across the porphyry floor,  
His hand upon his dagger-haft,  
Strode, and of these was seen no more.

Nor, of a truth, much marveled they  
At those his words, since gear and store  
Oft dower shrunk souls. But, on a day,  
While yet again throughout the square,  
The buyers in their noisy way,  
Chattered about the basket ware,  
It chanced (I but the tale reveal,  
Nor true nor false therein declare)  
It chanced that when the priest would kneel  
Before the taper's flickering flame  
Sudden a little tremulous peal  
From out the Virgin's altar came.  
And they that heard must fain recall  
The Umbrian, and the words of shame  
Spoke in his pride, and therewithal  
Came news how, at that very date  
And hour of time, was fixed his fall,  
Who, of the Duke, was banned the State,  
And all his goods, and lands as well,  
To Holy Church were confiscate.

Such is the tale the Frati tell.



## A TALE OF POLYPHEME.

“THERE’S nothing new”—Not that I go so far  
As he who also said “There’s nothing true,”  
Since, on the contrary, I hold there are  
Surviving still a verity or two ;  
But, as to novelty, in my conviction,  
There’s nothing new,—especially in fiction.

Hence, at the outset, I make no apology,  
If this *my* story is as old as Time,  
Being, indeed, that idyll of mythology,—  
The Cyclops’ love,—which, somewhat varied, I’m  
To tell once more, the adverse Muse permitting,  
In easy rhyme, and phrases neatly fitting.

“Once on a time”—there’s nothing new, I said—  
It may be fifty years ago or more,

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Beside a lonely posting-road that led

Seaward from town, there used to stand of yore,  
With low-built bar and old bow-window shady  
An ancient Inn, the " Dragon and the Lady "

Say that by chance, wayfaring Reader mine,

You cast a shoe, and at this dusty Dragon,  
Where beast and man were equal on the sign,  
Inquired at once for Blacksmith and for flagon :  
The landlord showed you while you drank your  
hops,

A road-side break beyond the straggling shops.

And so directed, thereupon you led

Your halting roadster to a kind of pass,  
This you descended with a crumbling tread,  
And found the sea beneath you like a glass ;  
And soon, beside a building partly walled—  
Half hut, half cave—you raised your voice and called.

Then a dog growled ; and straightway there began

Tumult within—for, bleating with affright,  
A goat burst out, escaping from the can ;  
And, following close, rose slowly into sight—  
Blind of one eye, and black with toil and tan—  
An uncouth, limping, heavy-shouldered man.

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Part smith, part seaman, and part shepherd too :

You scarce knew which, as, pausing with the pail  
Half filled with goat's milk, silently he drew

An anvil forth, and reaching shoe and nail,  
Bared a red forearm, bringing into view  
Anchors and hearts in shadowy tattoo.

And then he lit his fire . . . . But I dispense

Henceforth with you, my Reader, and your horse,  
As being but a colorable pretense

To bring an awkward hero in perforce ;  
Since this our smith, for reasons never known,  
To most society preferred his own.

Women declared that he'd an "evil eye,"—

This in a sense was true—he had but one ;  
Men, on the other hand, alleged him shy :

We sometimes say so of the friends we shun ;  
But, wrong or right, suffices to affirm it—  
The Cyclops lived a veritable hermit,—

Dwelling below the cliff, beside the sea,

Caved like an ancient British Troglodyte,  
Milking his goat at eve, and it may be,  
Spearing the fish along the flats at night,

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Until, at last, one April evening mild,  
Came to the Inn a Lady and a Child.

The Lady was a nullity ; the Child

One of those bright bewitching little creatures,  
Who, if she once but shyly looked and smiled,  
Would soften out the ruggedest of features ;  
Fragile and slight,—a very fay for size,—  
With pale town-cheeks, and “ clear germander eyes.”

Nurses, no doubt, might name her “ somewhat wild ;”  
And pedants, possibly, pronounce her “ slow ;”  
Or corset-makers add, that for a child,  
She needed “ cultivation ; ”—all I know  
Is that whene'er she spoke, or laughed, or romped,  
you  
Felt in each act the beauty of impromptu.

The Lady was a nullity—a pale,  
Nerveless and pulseless quasi-invalid,  
Who, lest the ozone should in aught avail,  
Remained religiously indoors to read ;  
So that, in wandering at her will, the Child  
Did, in reality, run “ somewhat wild.”

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

At first but peering at the sanded floor  
And great shark jaw-bone in the cosy bar ;  
Then watching idly from the dusky door,  
The noisy advent of a coach or car ;  
Then stealing out to wonder at the fate  
Of blistered Ajax by the garden gate,—

Some old ship's figure-head—until at last,  
Straying with each excursion more and more,  
She reached the limits of the road, and passed,  
Plucking the pansies, downward to the shore,  
And so, as you, respected Reader, showed,  
Came to the smith's "desirable abode."

There by the cave the occupant she found,  
Weaving a crate ; and, with a gladsome cry,  
The dog frisked out, although the Cyclops frowned  
With all the terrors of his single eye ;  
Then from a mound came running, too, the goat,  
Uttering her plaintive, desultory note.

The Child stood wondering at the silent man,  
Doubtful to go or stay, when presently  
She felt a plucking, for the goat began  
To crop the trail of twining briony

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

She held behind her ; so that, laughing, she  
Turned her light steps, retreating, to the sea.

But the goat followed her on eager feet,  
And therewithal an air so grave and mild,  
Coupled with such a deprecatory bleat  
Of injured confidence, that soon the Child  
Filled the lone shore with louder merriment,  
And e'en the Cyclops' heavy brow unbent.

Thus grew acquaintanceship between the pair,  
The girl and goat ;—for thenceforth, day by day,  
The Child would bring her four-foot friend such fare  
As might be gathered on the downward way :—  
Foxglove, or broom, and “ yellow cytissus,”  
Dear to all goats since Greek Theocritus.

But, for the Cyclops, that misogynist  
Having, by stress of circumstances, smiled,  
Felt it at least incumbent to resist  
Further encroachment, and as one beguiled  
By adverse fortune, with the half-door shut,  
Dwelt in the dim seclusion of his hut.

And yet not less from thence he still must see  
That daily coming, and must hear the goat

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Bleating her welcome ; then, towards the sea,  
The happy voices of the playmates float ;  
Until, at last, enduring it no more,  
He took his wonted station by the door.

Here was, of course, a pitiful surrender ;  
For soon the Child, on whom the Evil eye  
Seemed to exert an influence but slender,  
Would run to question him, till, by and by,  
His moody humor like a cloud dispersing,  
He found himself uneasily conversing.

That was a sow's-ear, that an egg of skate,  
And this an agate rounded by the wave.  
Then came inquiries still more intimate  
About himself, the anvil, and the cave ;  
And then, at last, the Child, without alarm  
Would even spell the letters on his arm.

"G—A—L—*Galatea*." So there grew  
On his part, like some half-remembered tale,  
The new-found memory of an ice-bound crew,  
And vague garrulities of spouting whale,—  
Of sea-cow basking upon berg and floe,  
And Polar light, and stunted Eskimo.

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Till, in his heart, which hitherto had been  
    Locked as those frozen barriers of the North,  
There came once more the season of the green,—  
    The tender bud-time and the putting forth,  
So that the man, before the new sensation,  
Felt for the child a kind of adoration ;—

Rising by night, to search for shell and flower,  
    To lay in places where she found them first ;  
Hoarding his cherished goat's milk for the hour  
    When those young lips might feel the summer's  
        thirst ;  
Holding himself for all devotion paid  
By that clear laughter of the little maid.

Dwelling, alas ! in that fond Paradise  
    Where no to-morrow quivers in suspense,—  
Where scarce the changes of the sky suffice  
    To break the soft forgetfulness of sense,—  
Where dreams become realities ; and where  
I willingly would leave him—did I dare.

Yet for a little space it still endured,  
    Until, upon a day when least of all  
The softened Cyclops, by his hopes assured,



*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Dreamed the inevitable blow could fall,  
Came the stern moment that should all destroy,  
Bringing a pert young cockerel of a Boy.

Middy, I think,—he'd "*Acis*" on his box :—  
A black-eyed, sun-burnt, mischief-making imp,  
Pet of the mess,—a Puck with curling locks,  
Who straightway travestied the Cyclops' limp,  
And marveled how his cousin so could care  
For such a "one-eyed, melancholy Bear."

So there was war at once ; not overt yet,  
For still the Child, unwilling, would not break  
The new acquaintanceship, nor quite forget  
The pleasant past ; while, for his treasure's sake,  
The boding smith with clumsy efforts tried  
To win the laughing scorner to his side.

There are some sights pathetic ; none I know  
More sad than this : to watch a slow-wrought  
mind  
Humbling itself, for love, to come and go  
Before some petty tyrant of its kind ;  
Saddest, ah !—saddest far,—when it can do  
Naught to advance the end it has in view.

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

This was at least the Cyclops' case, until,  
Whether the boy beguiled the Child away,  
Or whether that limp Matron on the Hill  
Woke from her novel-reading trance, one day  
He waited long and wearily in vain,—  
But, from that hour, they never came again.

Yet still he waited, hoping—wondering if  
They still might come, or dreaming that he heard  
The sound of far-off voices on the cliff,  
Or starting strangely when the she-goat stirred ;  
But nothing broke the silence of the shore,  
And, from that hour, the Child returned no more.

Therefore our Cyclops sorrowed,—not as one  
Who can command the gamut of despair ;  
But as a man who feels his days are done,  
So dead they seem,—so desolately bare ;  
For, though he'd lived a hermit, 'twas but only  
Now he discovered that his life was lonely.

The very sea seemed altered, and the shore ;  
The very voices of the air were dumb ;

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

Time was an emptiness that o'er and o'er  
Ticked with the dull pulsation "Will she come?"  
So that he sat "consuming in a dream,"  
Much like his old forerunner, Polypheme.

Until there came the question, "Is she gone?"  
With such sad sick persistence that at last,  
Urged by the hungry thought which drove him on,  
Along the steep declivity he passed,  
And by the summit panting stood, and still,  
Just as the horn was sounding on the hill.

Then, in a dream, beside the "Dragon" door,  
The smith saw travelers standing in the sun;  
Then came the horn again, and three or four  
Looked idly at him from the roof, but One,—  
A Child within,—suffused with sudden shame,  
Thrust forth a hand, and called to him by name.

Thus the coach vanished from his sight, but he  
Limped back with bitter pleasure in his pain;  
He was not all forgotten—could it be?  
And yet the knowledge made the memory vain;

*A Tale of Polypheme.*

And then—he felt a pressure in his throat,  
So, for that night, forgot to milk his goat.

What then might come of silent misery,  
What new resolvings then might intervene,  
I know not. Only, with the morning sky,  
The goat stood tethered on the “Dragon” green,  
And those who, wondering, questioned thereupon,  
Found the hut empty,—for the man was gone.

## A STORY FROM A DICTIONARY.

*" Sic visum Veneri : cui placet impares  
Formas atque animos sub juga aënea  
Saevo mittere cum joco."*

—HOR. i. 33.

"LOVE mocks us all"—as Horace said of old :  
From sheer perversity, that arch-offender  
Still yokes unequally the hot and cold,  
The short and tall, the hardened and the tender ;  
He bids a Socrates espouse a scold,  
And makes a Hercules forget his gender :—  
*Sic visum Veneri !* Lest samples fail,  
I add a fresh one from the page of BAYLE.

It was in Athens that the thing occurred,  
In the last days of Alexander's rule,

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

While yet in Grove or Portico was heard  
The studious murmur of its learned school;—  
Nay, 'tis one favored of Minerva's bird  
Who plays therein the hero (or the fool)  
With a Megarian, who must then have been  
A maid, and beautiful, and just eighteen.

I shan't describe her. Beauty is the same  
In Anno Domini as erst B.C.;  
The type is still that witching One who came,  
Between the furrows, from the bitter sea;  
'Tis but to shift accessories and frame,  
And this our heroine in a trice would be,  
Save that she wore a *peplum* and a *chiton*,  
Like any modern on the beach at Brighton.

Stay, I forget!—of course the sequel shows  
She had some qualities of disposition,  
To which, in general, her sex are foes,—  
As strange proclivities to erudition,  
And lore unfeminine, reserved for those  
Who now-a-days descant on "Woman's Mission,"  
Or tread instead that "primrose path" to knowledge,  
That gentler Academe—the Girton College.

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

The truth is, she admired . . . a learned man.

There were no curates in that sunny Greece,  
For whom the mind emotional could plan  
Fine-art habiliments in gold and fleece ;  
(This was ere chasuble or cope began  
To shake the centers of domestic peace ;)  
So that " admiring," such as maids give way to,  
Turned to the ranks of Zeno and of Plato.

The " object " here was mildly prepossessing,  
At least, regarded in a woman's sense ;  
His *forte*, it seems, lay chiefly in expressing  
Disputed fact in Attic eloquence ;  
His ways were primitive ; and as to dressing,  
His toilet was a negative pretense ;  
He kept, besides, the *régime* of the Stoic ;—  
In short, was not, by any means, " heroic."

*Sic visum Veneri!*—The thing is clear.

Her friends were furious, her lovers nettled ;  
'Twas much as though the Lady Vere de Vere  
On some hedge-schoolmaster her heart had settled.  
Unheard ! Intolerable !—a lumbering steer  
To plod the upland with a mare high-mettled !—

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

They would, no doubt, with far more pleasure hand  
her  
To curled Euphorion or Anaximander.

And so they used due discipline, of course,  
To lead to reason this most erring daughter,  
Proceeding even to extremes of force,—  
Confinement (solitary), and bread and water ;  
Then, having lectured her till they were hoarse,  
Finding that this to no submission brought her,  
At last, (unwisely\*) to the man they sent,  
That he might combat her by argument.

Being, they fancied, but a bloodless thing ;  
Or else too well forewarned of that commotion  
Which poets feign inseparable from Spring  
To suffer danger from a school-girl notion ;  
Also they hoped that she might find her king,  
On close inspection, clumsy and Bœotian :—  
This was acute enough, and yet, between us,  
I think they thought too little about Venus.

Something, I know, of this sort is related  
In Garrick's life. However, the man came,

---

\* "Unwisely," surely. But 'tis well to mention  
That this particular is *not* invention.



*A Story from a Dictionary.*

And taking first his mission's end as stated,  
Began at once her sentiments to tame,  
Working discreetly to the point debated  
By steps rhetorical I spare to name ;  
In other words,—he broke the matter gently.  
Meanwhile, the lady looked at him intently,

Wistfully, sadly,—and it put him out,  
Although he went on steadily, but faster.  
There were some maladies he'd read about  
Which seemed, at first, most difficult to master ;  
They looked incurable at times, no doubt,  
But all they needed was a little plaster ;  
This was a thing physicians long had pondered,  
Considered, weighed . . . . and then . . . . and  
then he wandered.

('Tis so embarrassing to have before you  
A silent auditor, with candid eyes ;  
With lips that speak no sentence to restore you,  
And aspect, generally, of pained surprise ;  
Then, if we add that all these things adore you,  
'Tis really difficult to syllogize :—  
Of course it mattered not to him a feather,  
But still he wished . . . . they'd not been left  
together.)

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

“Of one,” he said, continuing, “of these  
The young especially should be suspicious ;  
Seeing no ailment in Hippocrates  
Could be at once so tedious and capricious ;  
No seeming apple of Hesperides  
More fatal, deadlier, and more delicious—  
Pernicious,—he should say,—for all its seeming . . .”  
It seemed to him he simply was blaspheming.

(If she had only turned askance, or uttered  
Word in reply, or trifled with her brooch,  
Or sighed, or cried, grown petulant, or fluttered,  
He might (in metaphor) have “called his coach” ;  
Yet still, while patiently he hemmed and stuttered,  
She wore her look of wondering reproach ;  
(And those who read the “Shakespeare of Romances”  
Know of what stuff a girl’s “dynamic glance” is.)

“ But there was still a cure, the wise insisted,  
In love,—he should say, in philosophy.  
Philosophy—no, love—at best existed  
But as an ill for that to remedy :  
There was no knot so intricately twisted,  
There was no riddle but at last should be  
By love—he meant philosophy—resolved . . . .”  
The fact is, he was getting quite involved.

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

O sovran Love ! how far thy power surpasses  
Aught that is taught of Logic or the Schools !  
Here was a man, " far seen " in all the classes,  
Strengthened of precept, fortified of rules,  
Mute as the least articulate of asses ;  
Nay, at an age when every passion cools,  
Conscious of nothing but a sudden yearning  
Stronger by far than any force of learning !

Therefore he changed his tone, flung down his wallet,  
Described his lot, how pitiable and poor ;  
The hut of mud,—the miserable pallet,—  
The alms solicited from door to door ;  
The scanty fare of bitter bread and sallet,—  
Could she this shame,—this poverty endure ?  
I scarcely think he knew what he was doing,  
But that last line had quite a touch of wooing.

And so she answered him,—those early Greeks  
Took little care to keep concealment preying  
At any length upon their damask cheeks,—  
She answered him by very simply saying,  
She would and could :—and said it as one speaks  
Who takes no course without much careful  
weighing. . . .

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

Was this, perchance, the answer that he hoped ?  
It might, or might not be. But they eloped.

Sought the free pine-wood and the larger air,—  
The leafy sanctuaries, remote and inner,  
Where the great heart of nature, beating bare,  
Receives benignantly both saint and sinner ;—  
Leaving propriety to gasp and stare,  
And shake its head, like Burleigh, after dinner,  
From pure incompetence to mar or mend them :  
They fled and wed ;—though, mind, I don't defend  
them.

I don't defend them. 'Twas a serious act,  
No doubt too much determined by the senses ;  
(Alas ! when these affinities attract,  
We lose the future in the present tenses !)  
Besides, the least establishment's a fact  
Involving nice adjustment of expenses ;  
Moreover, too, reflection should reveal  
That not remote contingent—*la famille*.

Yet these, maybe, were happy in their lot.  
Milton has said (and surely Milton knows)

*A Story from a Dictionary.*

That after all, philosophy is “not,—

*Not* harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose ;”

And some, no doubt, for Love’s sake have forgot

Much that is needful in this world of prose :—

Perchance ’twas so with these. But who shall say ?

Time has long since swept them and theirs away.

## THE WATER-CÛRE.

A TALE : IN THE MANNER OF PRIOR.

"—*portentaque Thessala rides ?*"

—HOR.

"—*Thessalian portents do you flout ?*"

\* \*

CARDENIO'S fortunes ne'er miscarried  
Until the day Cardenio married.  
What then ? the Nymph no doubt was young ?  
She was : but yet—she had a tongue !  
Most women have, you seem to say.  
I grant it—in a different way.

'Twas not that organ half-divine,  
With which, Dear Friend, your spouse or mine,

*The Water-Cure.*

What time we seek our nightly pillows,  
Rebukes our easy peccadilloes :  
'Twas not so tuneful, so composing ;  
'Twas louder and less often dozing ;  
At Ombre, Basset, Loo, Quadrille,  
You heard it resonant and shrill ;  
You heard it rising, rising yet  
Beyond Selinda's parroquet ;  
You heard it rival and outdo  
The chair-men and the link-boy too ;  
In short, wherever lungs perform,  
Like Marlborough, it rode the storm.

So uncontrolled it came to be,  
Cardenio feared his *chère amie*  
(Like Echo by Cephissus shore)  
Would turn to voice and nothing more.

That ('tis conceded) must be cured  
Which can't by practice be endured.  
Cardenio, though he loved the maid,  
Grew daily more and more afraid ;  
And since advice could not prevail  
(Reproof but seemed to fan the gale,)  
A prudent man, he cast about  
To find some fitting nostrum out,

*The Water-Cure.*

What need to say that priceless drug  
Had not in any mine been dug ?  
What need to say no skillful leech  
Could check that plethora of speech ?  
Suffice it, that one lucky day  
Cardenio tried—another way.

A Hermit (there were hermits then ;  
The most accessible of men ! )  
Near Vauxhall's sacred shade resided ;  
In him, at length, our friend confided.  
(Simples, for show, he used to sell ;  
But cast Nativities as well.)  
Consulted, he looked wondrous wise ;  
Then undertook the enterprise.

What that might be, the Muse must spare ;  
To tell the truth, she was not there.  
She scorns to patch what she ignores  
With Similes and Metaphors ;  
And so, in short, to change the scene,  
She slips a fortnight in between.

Behold our pair then (quite by chance)  
In Vauxhall's garden of romance,—



*The Water-Cure.*

That paradise of nymphs and grottoes,  
Of fans, and fiddles, and ridottoes !  
What wonder if, the lamps reviewed,  
The song encored, the maze pursued,  
No further feat could seem more pat  
Than seek the Hermit after that ?  
Who then more keen her fate to see  
Than this, the new Leuconoë,  
On fire to learn the lore forbidden  
In Babylonian numbers hidden ?  
Forthwith they took the darkling road  
To Albumazar his abode.

Arriving, they beheld the sage  
Intent on hieroglyphic page,  
In high Armenian cap arrayed  
And girt with engines of his trade  
(As Skeletons, and Spheres, and Cubes ;  
As Amulets and Optic Tubes) ;  
With dusky depths behind revealing  
Strange shapes that dangled from the ceiling ;  
While more to palsy the beholder  
A Black Cat sat upon his shoulder.

The Hermit eyed the Lady o'er  
As one whose face he'd seen before

*The Water-Cure.*

And then, with agitated looks,  
He fell to fumbling at his books.

Cardenio felt his spouse was frightened,  
Her grasp upon his arm had tightened ;  
Judge then her horror and her dread  
When "Vox Stellarum" shook his head ;  
Then darkly spake in phrase forlorn  
Of Taurus and of Capricorn ;  
Of stars averse, and stars ascendant,  
And stars entirely independent ;  
In fact, it seemed that all the Heavens  
Were set at sixes and at sevens,  
Portending, in her case, some fate  
Too fearful to prognosticate.

Meanwhile the Dame was well-nigh dead.  
"But is there naught," Cardenio said,  
"No sign or token, Sage, to show  
From whence, or what, this dismal woe?"

The sage, with circle and with plank,  
Betook him to his charts again.  
"It vaguely seems to threaten Speech :  
No more (he said) the signs can teach."

*The Water-Cure.*

But still Cardenio tried once more :  
" Is there no potion in your store,  
No charm by Chaldee mage concerted  
By which this doom can be averted ? "

The Sage, with motion doubly mystic,  
Resumed his juggling cabalistic.  
The aspects here again were various ;  
But seemed to indicate Aquarius.  
Thereat protentously he frowned ;  
Then frowned again, then smiled ;—'twas found !  
But 'twas too simple to be tried.  
" What is it, then ? " at once they cried.  
" Whene'er by chance you feel incited  
To speak at length, or uninvited ;  
Whene'er you feel your tones grow shrill  
(At times, we know, the softest will ! ),  
This word oracular, my daughter,  
Bids you to fill your mouth with water :  
Further, to hold it firm and fast,  
Until the danger be o'erpast."

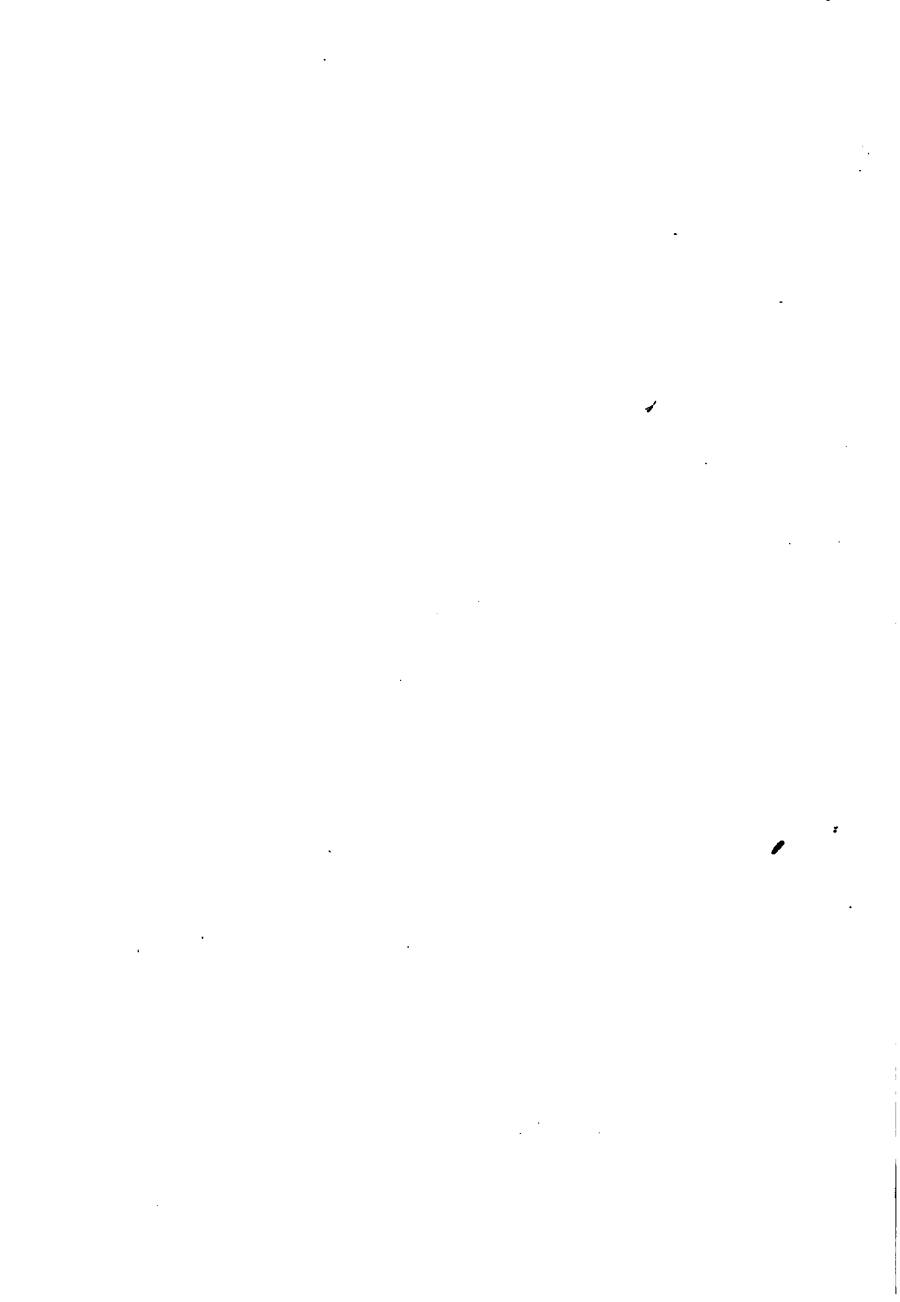
The Dame, by this in part relieved  
The prospect of escape perceived,

*The Water-Cure.*

Rebelled a little at the diet.  
Cardenio said discreetly "Try it,  
Try it, my Own. You have no choice,  
What if you lose your charming voice!"  
She tried, it seems. And whether then  
Some god stepped in, benign to men;  
Or Modesty, too long outlawed,  
Contrived to aid the pious fraud  
I know not :— but from that same day  
She talked in quite a different way.



FABLES OF LITERATURE AND  
ART.



## THE POET AND THE CRITICS.

If those who wield the Rod forget,  
'Tis truly—*Quis custodiet ?*

A certain Bard (as Bards will do)  
Dressed up his Poems for Review.  
His Type was plain, his Title clear ;  
His Frontispiece by FOURDRINIER.  
Moreover, he had on the Back  
A sort of sheepskin Zodiac ;—  
A Mask, a Harp, an Owl,—in fine,  
A neat and “ classical ” Design.  
But the *in*-side ?—Well, good or bad,  
The Inside was the best he had :  
Much Memory,—more Imitation ;—  
Some Accidents of Inspiration ;—



*The Poet and the Critics.*

Some Essays in that finer Fashion  
Where Fancy takes the place of Passion ;—  
And some (of course) more roughly wrought  
To catch the Advocates of Thought.

In the less-crowded Age of ANNE,  
Our Bard had been a favored Man ;  
Fortune, more chary with the Sickle,  
Had ranked him next to GARTH or TICKELL ;—  
He might have even dared to hope  
A line's Malignity from POPE !  
But now, when Folks are hard to please,  
And Poets are as thick as—Peas,  
The Fates are not so prone to flatter,  
Unless, indeed, a Friend . . . . No Matter.

The Book, then, had a minor Credit :  
The Critics took, and doubtless read it.  
Said A.—*These little Songs display  
No lyric Gift ; but still a Ray,—  
A Promise. They will do no Harm.*  
'Twas kindly, if not *very* warm.  
Said B.—*The Author may, in time,  
Acquire the Rudiments of Rhyme :*

*The Poet and the Critics.*

*His Efforts now are scarcely Verse.*

This, certainly, could not be worse.

Sorely discomfited, our Bard  
Worked for another ten Years—hard.  
Meanwhile the world, unmoved, went on ;  
New Stars shot up, shone out, were gone ;  
Before his second Volume came  
His Critics had forgot his Name :  
And who, forsooth, is bound to know  
Each Laureate *in embryo* !  
They tried and tested him, no less,—  
The pure Assayers of the Press.  
Said A.—*The Author, may in Time . . . .*  
Or much what B. had said of Rhyme.  
Then B.—*These little Songs display . . . .*  
And so forth, in the sense of A.  
Over the Bard I throw a Veil.

There is no MORAL to this Tale.

## THE SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

WHEN Fate presents us with the Bays,  
We prize the Praiser, not the Praise.  
We scarcely think our Fame eternal  
If vouched for by the *Farthing Journal* ;  
But when the *Craftsman's* self has spoken,  
We take it for a certain Token.  
This an Example best will show,  
Derived from DENNIS DIDEROT.

A hackney Author, who'd essayed  
All hazards of the scribbling Trade ;  
And failed to live by every Mode,  
From *Persian Tale* to *Birthday Ode* ;  
Embarked at last, thro' pure Starvation,  
In Theologic Speculation.

*The Successful Author.*

'Tis commonly affirmed his Pen  
Had been most orthodox till then ;  
But oft, as SOCRATES has said,  
The Stomach's stronger than the Head ;  
And, for a sudden change of Creed,  
There is no *Jesuit* like Need.  
Then, too, 'twas cheap ; he took it all,  
By force of Habit, from the Gaul.  
He showed (the Trick is nowise new)  
That nothing we believe is true ;  
But chiefly that Mistake is rife  
Touching the point of *After-Life* ;  
Here all were wrong from PLATO down :  
His Price (in Boards) was half-a-Crown.  
The Thing created quite a Scare :—  
He got a Letter from VOLTAIRE,  
Naming him *Ami* and *Confrère* ;  
Besides two most attractive Offers  
Of Chaplaincies from noted Scoffers.  
He fell forthwith his Head to lift,  
To talk of " I and DR. SW—FT ;"  
And brag, at Clubs, as one who spoke,  
On equal terms, with BOLINGBROKE.  
But, at the last, a Missive came  
That put the Copestone to his Fame.

*The Successful Author.*

The Boy who brought it would not wait :  
It bore a *Covent-Garden* Date ;—  
A woful Sheet with doubtful Ink,  
And Air of *Bridewell* or the *Clink*  
It ran in this wise :—*Learned Sir !*  
*We, whose Subscriptions follow here,*  
*Desire to state our Fellow-feeling*  
*In this Religion you're revealing.*  
*You make it plain that if so be*  
*We 'scape on Earth from Tyburn Tree,*  
*There's nothing left for us to fear*  
*In this—or any other Sphere.*  
*We offer you our thanks ; and hope*  
*Your Honor, too, may cheat the Rope !*  
With that came all the Names beneath,  
AS BLUESKIN, JERRY CLINCH, MACHEATH,  
BET CARELESS, and the Rest—a score  
Of Rogues, and *Bona Robas* more.

This *Newgate Calendar* he read :  
'Tis not recorded what he said.

## THE DILETTANT.

THE most oppressive Form of Cant  
Is that of your Art-Dilettant :—  
Or rather “was.” The Race, I own,  
To-day is, happily, unknown.

A Painter, now by Fame forgot,  
Had painted—’tis no matter what ;  
Enough that he resolved to try  
The Verdict of a critic Eye.  
The Friend he sought made no Pretense  
To more than candid Common-sense,  
Nor held himself from Fault exempt.  
He praised, it seems, the whole Attempt.  
Then, pausing long, showed here and there  
That Parts required a nicer Care,—

*The Dilettant.*

A closer Thought. The artist heard,  
Expostulated, chafed, demurred.

Just then popped in a passing Beau,  
Half Pertness, half Pulvilio ;—  
One of those Mushroom Growths that spring  
From *Grand Tours* and from Tailoring ;—  
And dealing much in terms of Art  
Picked up at Sale and auction Mart.  
Straight to the Masterpiece he ran  
With lifted Glass, and thus began,  
Mumbling as fast as he could speak :—  
“ Sublime !—prodigious !—truly Greek !  
That ‘ air of head ’ is just divine ;  
That contour GUIDO, every line ;  
That forearm, too, has quite the *gusto*  
Of the third Manner of ROBUSTO . . . .”  
Then, with a Simper and a Cough,  
He skipped a little farther off :—  
“ The middle Distance, too, is placed  
Quite in the best Italian Taste ;  
And nothing could be more effective  
Than the *Ordonnance* and Perspective . . . .  
You’ve sold it ?—No ?—Then take my word,  
I shall speak of it to MY LORD.

*The Dilettant.*

What !—I insist. Don't stir, I beg.  
Adieu !” With that he made a Leg,  
Offered on either Side his Box,  
Took his *Virtù* off to Cock's.

The Critic, with a shrug, once more  
Turned to the Canvas as before.  
“Nay,”—said the Painter—“I allow  
The worst that you can tell me now.  
’Tis plain my Art must go to School,  
To win such Praises—from a FOOL !”



## THE TWO PAINTERS.

In Art some hold Themselves content  
If They but compass what They meant ;  
Others prefer, Their Purpose gained,  
Still to find Something unattained—  
Something to which they vaguely grope  
With no more Aid than that of Hope.  
Which are the Wiser ? Who shall say ?  
The prudent Follower of GAY  
Refrains to speak for either View  
But sets his Fable 'twixt the two.

Once—'twas in good Queen ANNA'S Time—  
While yet in this benighted Clime,  
The GENIUS of the ARTS (now known  
On moldy Pediments alone)

*The Two Painters.*

Protected all the Men of Mark,  
Two Painters met Her in the Park.  
Whether She wore the Robe of Air  
Portrayed by VERRIO and LAGUERRE ;  
Or, like BELINDA, trod this Earth,  
Equipped with Hoop of monstrous Girth,  
And armed at every Point for Slaughter  
With Essences and Orange-water,  
I know not : but it seems that then,  
After some talk of Brush and Pen,—  
Some chat of Art both High and Low,  
Of VAN's "Goose-Pie" and KNELLER's "*Mot*,"—  
The Lady, as a Goddess should,  
Bade Them ask of Her what They would.  
"Then, Madam, my request," says BRISK,  
Giving his *Ramillies* a whisk,  
"Is that your Majesty will crown  
My humble efforts with Renown.  
Let me, I beg it—Thanks to You—  
Be praised for everything I do,  
Whether I paint a Man of Note,  
Or only plan a Petticoat."  
"Nay," quoth the other, "I confess "  
(This One was plainer in his Dress,  
And even poorly clad), "for me,

*The Two Painters.*

I scorn Your popularity.  
Why should I care to catch at once  
The point of view of every Dunce?  
Let me do well, indeed, but find  
The Fancy first, the Work behind ;  
Nor wholly touch the Thing I wanted . . . .”  
The Goddess both Petitions granted.

Each in his Way, achieved Success ;  
But One grew Great. And which One? Guess.

## THE CLAIMS OF THE MUSE.

Too oft we hide our Frailties' Blame  
Beneath some simple-sounding Name !  
So Folks, who in gilt Coaches ride,  
Will call Display but *Proper Pride* ;  
So Spendthrifts, who their Acres lose,  
Curse not their Folly but the *Jews* ;  
So *Madam*, when her Roses faint,  
Resorts to . . . anything but *Paint*.

An honest Uncle, who had plied  
His Trade of Mercer in *Cheapside*,  
Until his Name on '*Change* was found  
Good for some Thirty Thousand Pound,  
Was burdened with an Heir inclined

*The Claims of the Muse.*

To thoughts of quite a different Kind.  
His Nephew dreamed of Naught but Verse  
From Morn to Night, and, what was worse,  
He quitted all at length to follow  
That "sneaking, whey-faced God, APOLLO."  
In plainer Words, he ran up Bills  
At *Child's*, at *Batson's* and at *Will's* ;  
Discussed the Claims of rival Bards  
At Midnight,—with a Pack of Cards ;  
Or made excuse for "t'other Bottle"  
Over a point in ARISTOTLE.  
This could not last, and like his Betters  
He found, too soon, the *Cost* of Letters.  
Back to his Uncle's House he flew,  
Confessing that he'd not a *Sou*.  
'Tis true, his Reasons, if sincere,  
Were more poetical than clear :  
"Alas !" he said, "I name no Names :  
The *Muse*, dear Sir, the *Muse* has Claims."  
His Uncle, who, behind his Till,  
Knew less of *Pindus* than of *Snow-Hill*,  
Looked grave, but thinking (as Men say)  
That Youth but once can have its Day,  
Equipped anew his *Pride* and *Hope*  
To frisk it on *Parnassus* Slope.

*The Claims of the Muse.*

In one short Month he sought the Door  
More shorn and ragged than before.  
This Time he showed but small Contrition,  
And gloried in his mean Condition.  
“The greatest of our Race,” he said,  
“Through *Asian* Cities begged his Bread.  
The *Muse*—the *Muse* delights to see  
Not *Broadcloth* but *Philosophy*!  
Who doubts of this her Honor shames,  
But (as you know) she has her Claims . . . .”  
“Friend,” quoth his Uncle then, “I doubt  
This scurvy Craft that you’re about  
Will lead your *philosophic* Feet  
Either to *Bedlam* or the *Fleet*.  
Still, as I would not have you lack,  
Go get some *Broadcloth* to your Back,  
And—if it please this precious *Muse*—  
’Twere well to purchase decent Shoes.  
Though harkye, Sir . . . .” The Youth was gone,  
Before the good Man could go on.

And yet ere long again was seen  
That Votary of *Hippocrene*.  
As along *Cheap* his Way he took,  
His Uncle spied him by a Brook,

*The Claims of the Muse.*

Not such as *Nymphs Castalian* pour,—  
'Twas but the Kennel, nothing more.  
His Plight was plain by every Sign  
Of Idiot Smile and Stains of Wine.  
He strove to rise, and wagged his Head—  
“The *Muse*, dear Sir, the *Muse*—” he said.  
“*Muse!*” quoth the Other, in a Fury,  
“The *Muse* shan't serve you, I assure ye.  
She's just some wanton, idle *Jade*  
That makes young Fools forget their Trade,—  
Who should be whipped, if I'd my Will,  
From *Charing Cross* to *Ludgate Hill*.  
She's just . . . .” But he began to stutter,  
So left SIR GRACELESS in the Gutter.

## THE 'SQUIRE AT VAUXHALL.

NOTHING so idle as to waste  
This Life disputing upon *Taste* ;  
And most—let that sad Truth be written—  
In this didactic Land of *Britain*,  
Where each one holds “ It seems to me ”  
Equivalent to *Q. E. D.*,  
And if you dare to doubt his Word  
Proclaims you Blockhead and absurd.  
And then, too often, the Debate  
Is not 'twixt First and Second-rate,  
Some narrow Issue, where a Touch  
Of more or less can't matter much,  
But, and this makes the Case so sad,  
Betwixt undoubted Good and Bad.



*The 'Squire at Vauxhall.*

Nay,—there are some so strangely wrought,—  
So warped and twisted in their Thought,—  
That, if the Fact be but confest,  
They like the baser Thing the best.  
Take BOTTOM, who for one, 'tis clear,  
Possessed a “reasonable Ear ;”  
He might have had at his Command  
The Symphonies of *Fairy-Land* ;  
Well, our immortal SHAKESPEAR OWNS  
The Oaf preferred the “Tongs and Bones !”

'Squire HOMESPUN from *Clod-Hall* rode down,  
As the Phrase is—“to see the Town ;”  
(The Town, in those Days, mostly lay  
Betwixt the *Tavern* and the *Play*.)  
Like all their Worships the J.P.'s,  
He put up at the *Hercules* ;  
Then sallied forth on Shanks his Mare,  
Rather than jolt it in a Chair,—  
A curst, new-fangled *Little-Ease*,  
That knocks your Nose against your Knees.  
For the good 'Squire was Country-bred,  
And had strange Notions in his Head,  
Which made him see in every Cur  
The starveling Breed of *Hanover* ;

*The 'Squire at Vauxhall.*

He classed your Kickshaws and *Ragoos*  
With Popery and Wooden Shoes ;  
Railed at all Foreign Tongues as Lingo,  
And sighed o'er *Chaos* Wine for Stingo.

Hence, as he wandered to and fro,  
Nothing could please him, high or low.  
As *Savages* with *Ships of War*  
He looked unawed at *Temple-Bar* ;  
Scarce could conceal his Discontent  
With *Fish-Street* and the *Monument* ;  
And might (except at Feeding-Hour)  
Have scorned the Lion in the *Tower*,  
But that the Lion's Race was run,  
And—for the Moment—there was none.

At length, blind Fate, that drives us all,  
Brought him at Even to *Vauxhall*,  
What Time the eager Matron jerks  
Her slow Spouse to the *Water-Works*,  
And the coy Spinster, half-afraid  
Consults the *Hermit* in the Shade.  
Dazed with the Din and Crowd, the 'Squire  
Sank in a Seat before the Choir.

*The 'Squire at Vauxhall.*

The FAUSTINETTA, fair and showy,  
Warbled an Air from *Arsinoë*,  
Playing her Bosom and her Eyes  
As Swans do when they agonize.  
Alas ! to some a Mug of Ale  
Is better than an *Orphic Tale* !  
The 'Squire grew dull, the 'Squire grew bored ;  
His Chin dropt down ; he slept ; he snored.  
Then, straying thro' the "poppied Reign,"  
He dreamed him at *Clod-Hall* again ;  
He heard once more the well-known Sounds,  
The Crack of Whip, the Cry of Hounds.  
He rubbed his Eyes, woke up, and lo !  
A Change had come upon the Show.  
Where late the Singer stood, a Fellow,  
Clad in a Jockey's Coat of Yellow,  
Was mimicking a Cock that crew.  
Then came the Cry of Hounds anew,  
*Yoicks ! Stole Away !* and harking back ;  
Then Ringwood leading up the Pàck.  
The 'Squire in Transport slapped his Knee  
At this most hugeous Pleasantry.  
The sawn Wood followed ; last of all  
The Man brought something in a Shawl,—  
Something that struggled, scraped, and squeaked

*The 'Squire at Vauxhall.*

As Porkers do, whose tails are tweaked.  
Our honest 'Squire could scarcely sit  
So excellent he thought the Wit.  
But when *Sir Wag* drew off the Sheath  
And showed there was no Pig beneath,  
His pent-up Wonder, Pleasure, Awe,  
Exploded in a long Guffaw :  
And, to his dying Day, he'd swear  
That Naught in Town the Bell could bear  
From " Jockey wi' the Yellow Coat  
That had a Farm-Yard in his Throat ! "

MORAL THE FIRST you may discover :  
The 'Squire was like *Titania's* lover ;  
He put a squeaking Pig before  
The Harmony of CLAYTON'S Score.

MORAL THE SECOND—not so clear ;  
But still it shall be added here :  
He praised the Thing he understood ;  
'Twere well if every Critic would.



MEMORIAL VERSES.



A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO

\* \* *Esq. of* \* \* *with a Life of the late Ingenious*  
*Mr. Wm. Hogarth.*

DEAR Cosmopolitan,—I know  
I should address you a *Rondeau*,  
Or else announce what I've to say  
At least *en Ballade fratrisée* ;  
But no : for once I leave Gymnasticks,  
And take to simple *Hudibrasticks* ;  
Why should I choose another Way,  
When this was good enough for GAY ?

You love, my FRIEND, with me, I think,  
That Age of Lustre and of Link ;  
Of *Chelsea* China and long "f"es,  
Of Bag-wigs and of flowered Dreffes ;



*A Familiar Epistle.*

That Age of Folly and of Cards,  
Of Hackney Chairs and Hackney Bards ;  
—No H—LTS, no K—G—N P—LS were then  
Dispensing Competence to Men ;  
The gentle Trade was left to Churls,  
Your frowfy TONSONS and your CURLLS ;  
Mere Wolves in Ambush to attack  
The AUTHOR in a Sheep-skin Back ;  
Then SAVAGE and his Brother-Sinners  
In *Porridge-Island* div'd for Dinners ;  
Or doz'd on *Covent-Garden* Bulks,  
And liken'd Letters to the Hulks ;—  
You know that by-gone Time, I say,  
That aimless easy-moral'd Day,  
When rosy Morn found MADAM still  
Wrangling at *Ombre* or *Quadrille*,  
When good Sir JOHN reel'd Home to Bed,  
From *Pontack's* or the *Shakespear's Head* ;  
When TRIP convey'd his Master's Cloaths,  
And took his Titles and his Oaths ;  
While BETTY, in a cast *Brocade*,  
Ogled MY LORD at Masquerade ;  
When GARRICK play'd the guilty *Richard*,  
Or mouth'd *Macbeth* with M<sup>rs</sup>. PRITCHARD ;  
When FOOTE grimac'd his snarling Wit ;

*A Familiar Epistle.*

When CHURCHILL bullied in the pit ;  
When the CUZZONI fang—

But there !

The further catalogue I spare,  
Having no Purpose to eclipse  
That tedious tale of HOMER'S Ships ;—  
This is the MAN that drew it all  
From *Pannier Alley* to the *Mall*,  
Then turn'd and drew it once again  
From *Bird-Cage-Walk* to *Lewknor's Lane* ;—  
Its Rakes and Fools, its Rogues and Sots ;  
Its brawling Quacks, its starveling Scots ;  
Its Ups and Downs, its Rags and Garters,  
Its HENLEYS, LOVATS, MALCOLMS, CHARTRES ;  
Its Splendor, Squalor, Shame, Difeafe ;  
Its *quicquid agunt Homines* ;—  
Nor yet omitted to pourtray  
*Furens quid possit Foemina* ;—  
In fhort, held up to ev'ry Clafs  
NATURE'S unflatt'ring looking-Glafs ;  
And, from his Canvafs, spoke to All  
The Meffage of a JUVENAL.

Take Him. His Merits moft aver :  
His weak Point is—his Chronicler !  
Nov<sup>r</sup> 1, 1879.

## HENRY FIELDING.

### IN MEMORIAM.

NOT from the ranks of those we call  
Philosopher or Admiral,—  
Neither as LOCKE was, nor as BLAKE,  
Is that Great Genius for whose sake  
We keep this Autumn festival.

And yet in one sense, too, was he  
A soldier—of humanity ;  
And, surely, philosophic mind  
Belonged to him whose brain designed  
That teeming COMIC EPOS where,  
As in CERVANTES and MOLIÈRE,  
Jostles the medley of Mankind.

*Henry Fielding.*

Our ENGLISH NOVEL's pioneer !  
His was the eye that first saw clear  
How, not in natures half-effaced  
By cant of Fashion and of Taste,—  
Not in the circles of the Great,  
Faint-blooded and exanimate,—  
Lay the true field of Jest and Whim,  
Which we to-day reap after him.  
No :—he stepped lower down and took  
The piebald PEOPLE for his Book !

Ah, what a wealth of Life there is  
In that rich, easy page of his !  
What store and stock of Common-Sense,  
Wit, Laughter, Lore, Experience !  
How his keen Satire flashes through,  
And cuts a sophistry in two !  
How his ironic lightning plays  
Around a rogue and all his ways !  
Ah, how he knots his lash to see  
That ancient cloak, Hypocrisy !

Whose are the characters that give  
Such round reality ?—that live

*Henry Fielding.*

With such full pulse? Fair SOPHY yet  
Carols *St. George* at the spinet;  
We see AMELIA cooking still  
That supper for the recreant WILL;  
We hear Squire WESTERN'S headlong tones  
Bawling "Wut ha?—wut ha?" to JONES.  
Are they not present now to us,—  
The Parson with his *Æschylus*?  
SLIPSLOP the frail, and NORTHERTON,  
PARTRIDGE, and BATH, and HARRISON?—  
Are they not breathing, moving,—all  
The motley, merry carnival  
That FIELDING kept, in days agone?

He was the first who dared to draw  
Mankind the mixture that he saw;  
Not wholly good nor ill, but both  
With fine intricacies of growth.  
He pulled the wraps of flesh apart,  
And showed the working human heart;  
He scorned to drape the truthful nude  
With smooth, decorous platitude!

He was too frank, may be; and dared  
Too boldly. Those whose faults he bared,

*Henry Fielding.*

Writhed in the ruthless grasp that brought  
Into the light their secret thought.  
Therefore the TARTUFFE-throng who say  
" *Couvrez ce sein,*" and look that way,—  
Therefore the Priests of Sentiment,  
Rose on him with their garments rent.  
Therefore the gadfly swarm whose sting  
Plies ever round some generous thing,  
Buzzed of old bills and tavern-scores,  
Old "might-have-beens" and "heretofores";—  
Then, from that garbled record-list,  
Made him his own Apologist.

And was he? Nay,—let who has known  
Nor Youth nor Error, cast the stone!  
If to have sense of Joy and Pain  
Too keen,—to rise, to fall again,  
To live too much,—be sin, why then,  
This was no Phœnix among men.  
But those who turn that later page,  
The journal of his middle-age,  
Watch him serene in either fate,—  
Philanthropist and Magistrate;  
Watch him as Husband, Father, Friend,

*Henry Fielding.*

Faithful, and patient to the end ;  
Grieving, as e'en the brave may grieve,  
But for the loved ones he must leave :  
These will admit—if any can—  
That 'neath the green Estrella trees,  
No Artist merely, but a MAN,  
Wrought on our noblest island-plan,  
Sleeps with the alien Portuguese.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IN MEMORIAM.

*Nec turpem senectam  
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

—HOR. i. 30.

“Not to be tuneless in old age !”  
Ah ! surely blest his pilgrimage,  
Who, in his Winter’s snow,  
Still sings with note as sweet and clear  
As in the morning of the year  
When the first violets blow !

Blest !—but more blest, whom summer’s heat,  
Whom spring’s impulsive stir and beat,  
Have taught no feverish lure ;



*H. W. Longfellow.*

Whose Muse, benignant and serene,  
Still keeps his autumn chaplet green  
Because his verse is pure !

Lie calm, O white and laureate head !  
Lie calm, O Dead, that art not dead,  
Since from the voiceless grave,  
Thy voice shall speak to old and young  
While song yet speaks an English tongue  
By Charles' or Thamis' wave !

OLD FRENCH FORMS.



## NOTES OF A HONEYMOON.

(TRIOLETS.)

*“Dans ce ravissant opéra qu'on appelle l'amour, le libretto n'est presque rien.”*—VICTOR HUGO.

IN THE TRAIN.

At last we are free,—  
All hail, Hymenæus !  
From C., and from D.,—  
*At last !*—we are free  
What a comfort 'twill be  
“Mrs. Grundy” can't see us !  
At last we are free,—  
All hail, Hymenæus !

FROM THE HOTEL WINDOW.

“What a mountain !” “What ferns !”  
“And a pond, too, for Rover !”

*Notes of a Honeymoon.*

*Da capo*—in turns,—

“What a mountain !” “What ferns !”

Meanwhile the toast burns,

And the kettle boils over ;—

“What a mountain !” “What ferns !”

“And a pond, too, for Rover !”

THE FIRST WALK.

“Join hands for a peep.

You must keep yourself steady.

See, the cliff goes down steep,—

Join hands for a peep.

This they call ‘Lovers’ Leap,’—

*We* have leaped it already !

Join hands for a peep.

You must keep yourself steady !”

ARCADIA.

“I can hear a sheep-bell.”

“There are doves cooing yonder.”

“It sounds like a spell,—

I can hear a sheep-bell.”

“Shall we like this as well—

In a twelvemonth ?” “*I wonder !*”

*Notes of a Honeymoon.*

“ I can hear a sheep-bell.”

“ There are doves cooing yonder.”

AT A BOOKSTALL.

“ Here it is in the ‘ Times,’—

Dear Charlie,—how funny !

‘ Twixt a ‘ Smith ’ and a ‘ Symes,’—

Here it is !—in the ‘ Times.’ ”

“ And it ’s *not* with the ‘ crimes ’ ! ”

“ You must pay. *I’ve* no money !

Here it is in the ‘ Times,’—

Dear Charlie,—how funny ! ”

MISGIVINGS (NO. 1).

“ Poor Papa,—he’s alone ! ”

She is sure he must miss her.

There’s a tear in the tone,—

“ *Poor* Papa ! *He’s* alone ! ”

At this point, I own,

There is naught but to kiss her.

“ Poor Papa,—he’s alone ! ”

She is sure he must miss her.

MISGIVINGS (NO. 2).

By-play as before.

“ Then you’ll love me forever ? ”

*Notes of a Honeymoon.*

"Forever—and more!"

(By-play as before.)

"Never think me a 'bore'?"—

Never laugh at me?" "NEVER!"

By-play as before.

"Then you'll love me forever?"

THE SUM TOTAL.

She is all that is sweet!

I must learn to deserve her.

Bright, kind . . . . I repeat—

She is all that is sweet!

(Here a noise in the street

Puts an end to my fervor.)

She is all that is sweet!

I must learn to deserve her.

## A BALLAD OF HEROES.

*"Now all your victories are in vain."*

—A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

BECAUSE you passed, and now are not,—  
Because, in some remoter day,  
Your sacred dust from doubtful spot  
Was blown of ancient airs away,—  
Because you perished,—must men say  
Your deeds were naught, and so profane  
Your lives with that cold burden ? Nay,  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain !

Though it may be, above the plot  
That hid your once imperial clay,  
No greener than o'er men forgot  
The unregarding grasses sway ;—



*A Ballad of Heroes.*

Though there no sweeter is the lay  
Of careless bird,—though you remain  
Without distinction of decay,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain !

No. For while yet in tower or cot  
Your story stirs the pulses' play ;  
And men forget the sordid lot—  
The sordid care, of cities gray ;—  
While yet, be-set in homelier fray,  
They learn from you the lesson plain  
That Life may go, so Honor stay,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain !

ENVOY.

HEROES of old ! I humbly lay  
The laurel on your graves again ;  
Whatever men have done, men may,—  
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

## THE BALLAD OF THE THRUSH.

(BALLADE.)

ACROSS the noisy street  
I hear him careless throw  
One warning utterance sweet ;  
Then faint at first, and low,  
The full notes closer grow ;  
Hark ! what a torrent gush !  
They pour, they overflow—  
Sing on, sing on, O Thrush !

What trick, what dream's deceit  
Has fooled his fancy so ?  
To scorn of dust and heat !  
I, prisoned here below,

*The Ballad of the Thrush.*

Feel the fresh breezes blow ;  
And see, thro' flag and rush,  
Cool water sliding slow—  
Sing on, sing on, O Thrush !

Sing on. What though thou beat  
On that dull bar, thy foe !  
Somewhere the green boughs meet  
Beyond the roofs a-row ;  
Somewhere the blue skies show,  
Somewhere no black walls crush  
Poor hearts with hopeless woe—  
Sing on, sing on, O Thrush !

ENVOY.

BIRD, though they come, we know,  
The empty cage, the hush ;  
Still, ere the brief day go,  
Sing on, sing on, O Thrush !

“ O N A V I S . ”

(BALLADE.)

SHIP, to the roadstead rolled,  
What dost thou ?—O, once more  
Regain the port. Behold !  
Thy sides are bare of oar,  
Thy tall mast wounded sore  
Of Africus, and see,  
What shall thy spars restore !—  
Tempt not the tyrant sea !

What cable now will hold  
When all drag out from shore !  
What god canst thou, too bold,  
In time of need implore !

*" O Navis."*

Look ! for thy sails flap o'er,  
Thy stiff shrouds part and flee,  
Fast—fast thy seams outpour,—  
Tempt not the tyrant sea !

What though thy ribs of old  
The pines of Pontus bore !  
Not now to stern of gold  
Men trust, or painted prore !  
Thou, or thou count'st it store  
A toy of winds to be,  
Shun thou the Cyclads' roar,—  
Tempt not the tyrant sea !

ENVOY.

SHIP OF THE STATE, before  
A care, and now to me  
A hope in my heart's core,—  
Tempt not the tyrant sea !

ON A NANKIN PLATE.

(VILLANELLE.)

“ Ah me, but it might have been !  
Was there ever so dismal a fate ? ”—  
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

“ Such a maid as was never seen !  
She passed, tho' I cried to her ‘ Wait, ’—  
Ah me, but it might have been !

“ I cried, ‘ O my Flower, my Queen,  
Be mine ! ’ ’Twas precipitate, ”—  
Quoth the little blue mandarin,—

“ But then . . . she was just sixteen,—  
Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—  
Ah me, but it might have been !

*On a Nankin Plate.*

“ As it was, from her palankeen,  
She laughed—‘ You’re a week too late ! ’ ”  
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

“ That is why, in a mist of spleen  
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.  
Ah me, but it might have been ! ”—  
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

## THE STREET-SINGER.

(VILLANELLE.)

He stands at the curb and sings,  
'Tis a doleful tune and low . . . .  
Ah me, if I had but wings !

He bends to the coin one flings,  
But he never attempts to go,—  
He stands at the curb, and sings.

The conjurer comes with his rings  
And the Punch-and-Judy show  
(Ah me, if I had but wings !)

They pass like all fugitive things,—  
They fade and they pass, but lo !  
He stands at the curb and sings.



*The Street-Singer.*

All the magic that Music brings  
Is lost when he murders it so . . . .  
Ah me, if I had but wings !

But the worst is a thought that stings,  
There is nothing at hand to throw,—  
He stands at the curb and sings . . . .  
Ah me, if I had but wings !

“ IN AFTER DAYS.”

(RONDEAU.)

In after days when grasses high  
O'er-top the stone where I shall lie,  
    Though ill or well the world adjust  
    My slender claim to honored dust,  
I shall not question nor reply.

I shall not see the morning sky ;  
I shall not hear the night-wind sigh ;  
    I shall be mute, as all men must  
    In after days !

But yet, now living, fain were I  
That some one then should testify,  
    Saying—“ He held his pen in trust  
    To Art, not serving shame or lust.”  
Will none ?—Then let my memory die  
    In after days !

## ON THE HURRY OF THIS TIME.

(RONDEAU.)

WITH slower pen men used to write,  
Of old, when "letters" were "polite";  
    In Anna's, or in George's days,  
    They could afford to turn a phrase  
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light  
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;  
    They meted out both blame and praise  
    With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the Hours take flight!  
What's read at morn is dead at night:  
    Scant space have we for Art's delays,  
    Whose breathless thought so briefly stays  
We may not work—ah! would we might!—  
    With slower pen.

## EXTREMUM TANAIN.

(RONDEAU.)

BEFORE thy doors too long of late,  
O Lyce, I bewail my fate ;  
    Not Don's barbarian maids, I trow,  
    Would treat their luckless lovers so ;  
Thou,—thou alone art obstinate.

Hast thou nor eyes nor ears, Ingrate !  
Hark ! how the NORTH WIND shakes thy gate !  
    Look ! how the laurels bend with snow  
    Before thy doors !

Lay by thy pride,—nor hesitate,  
Lest Love and I grow desperate ;  
    If prayers, if gifts for naught must go,  
    If naught my frozen pallor show,—  
Beware ! . . . . I shall not always wait  
    Before thy doors !

“YOU BID ME TRY.”

(RONDEAU AFTER VOITURE.)

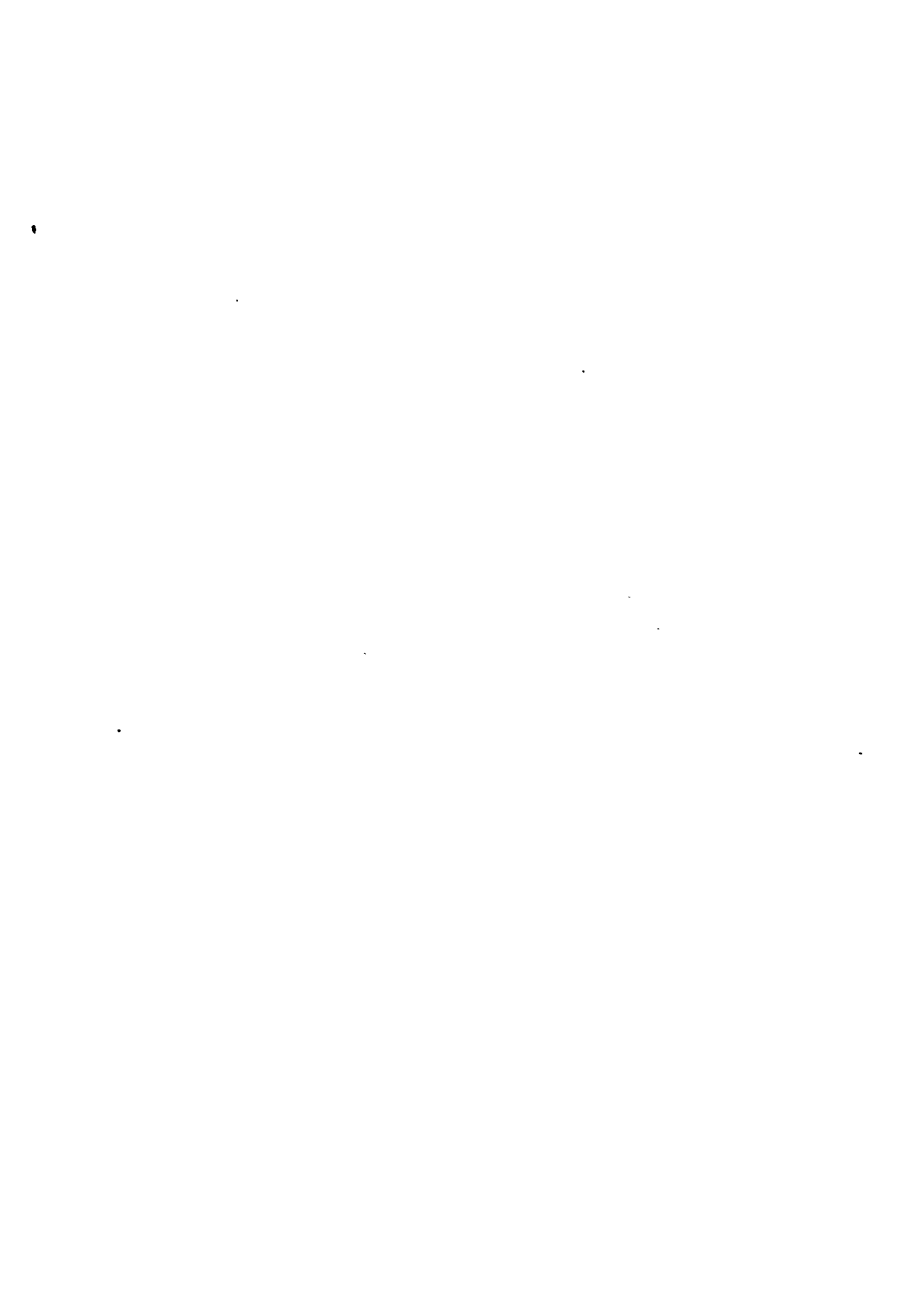
YOU bid me try, Blue-Eyes, to write  
A Rondeau. What !—forthwith ?—to-night ?  
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true ;  
But thirteen lines,—and rhymed on two,—  
“Refrain,” as well. Ah, hapless plight !

Still, there are five lines,—ranged aright.  
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright  
My easy Muse. They did till you—  
*You* bid me try !

That makes them nine. The port's in sight ;—  
'Tis all because your eyes are bright !  
Now just a pair to end with “oo,”—  
When maids command, what can't we do !  
Behold !—the Rondeau, tasteful, light,  
You bid me try !

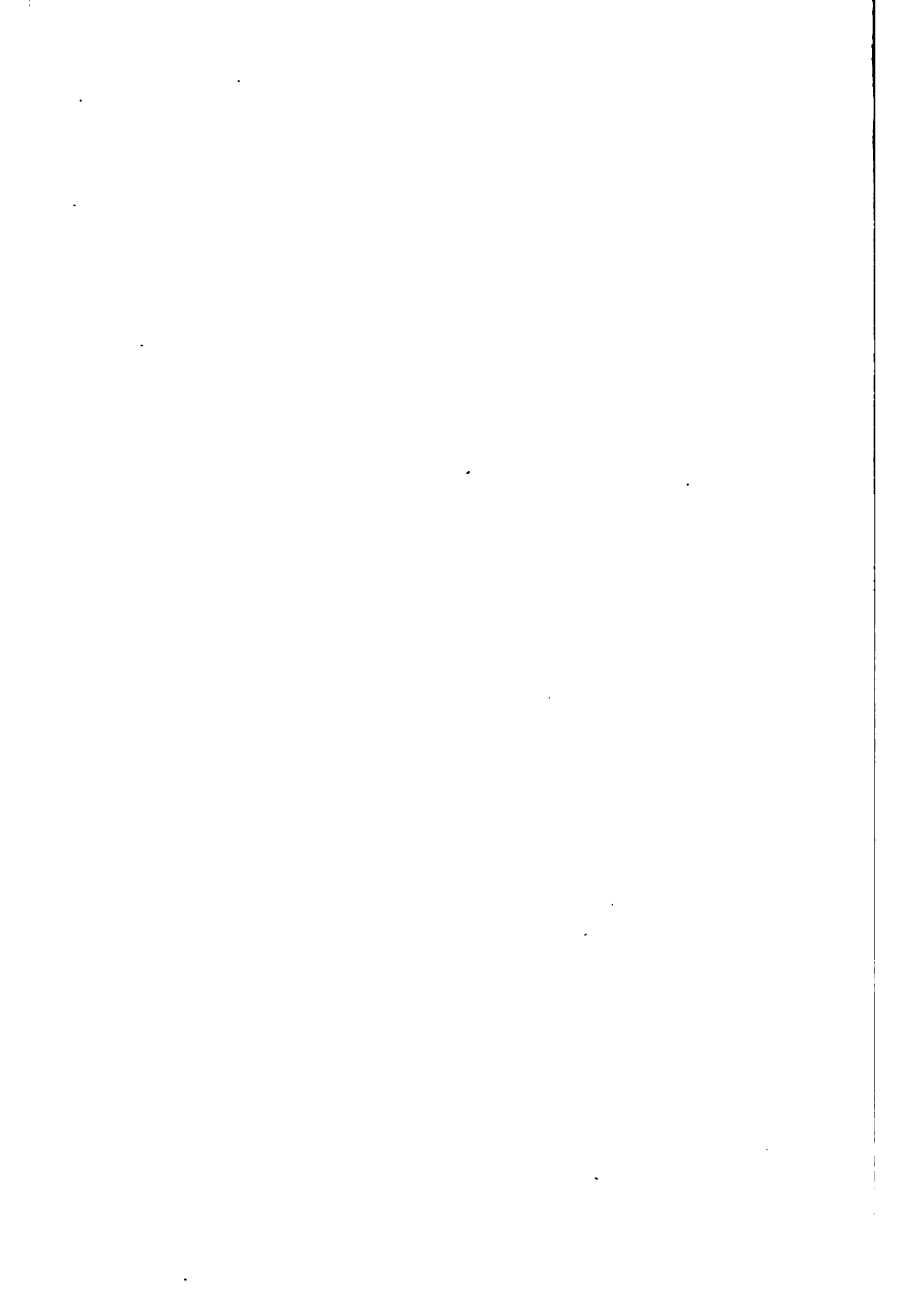
### DIXAIN.

As, to the pipe, with rhythmic feet  
In windings of some old-world dance,  
The smiling couples cross and meet,  
Join hands, and then in line advance,  
So, to these fair old tunes of France,  
Through all their maze of to and fro,  
The light-heeled numbers laughing go,  
Retreat, return, and ere they flee,  
One moment pause in panting row,  
And seem to say—Vos plaudite !



**CARMINA VOTIVA.**





TO BRANDER MATTHEWS.

In vain to-day I scrape and blot :  
The nimble words, the phrases neat,  
Decline to mingle or to meet ;  
My skill is all forgone—forgot.

He will not canter, walk, or trot,  
My Pegasus. I spur, I beat  
In vain to-day !

And yet 'twere sure the saddest lot  
That I should fail to leave complete  
One poor . . . the rhyme suggests “con-  
ceit” !

Alas ! 'tis all too clear I'm not  
In vein to-day.

TO H. C. BUNNER.

Witness my hand (and seal thereto) :  
All ye who wrong, by word or sign,  
This unprotected Muse of mine,  
I wish you . . . something else to do !

May all your bills at once fall due !  
May she, whose grace you seek, decline !  
Witness my hand !

But you, acute, accomplished, true,  
And *candid*, who in every line  
Discern a spark (or sparks) divine,  
Be blessed ! There's good in store for you,—  
Witness my hand !

TO GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

Spring stirs and wakes by holt and hill ;  
In barren copse and bloomless close  
Revives the memory of the rose,  
And breaks the yellow daffodil.

Look how the spears of crocus fill  
The ancient hollows of the snows,—  
Spring stirs and wakes !

Yet what to you are months ! At will  
For you the season comes or goes ;  
We watch the flower that fades and blows,  
But on your happy canvas still  
Spring stirs and wakes !

TO RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

Old friends are best ! And so to you  
Again I send, in-closer throng  
No unfamiliar shapes of song,  
But those that once you liked and knew.

You, surely, will not do them wrong  
For are you not an old friend, too?—  
Old friends are best.

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue ;—  
All things, in short, to which belong  
The charm, the grace, that Time makes strong,—  
All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)  
Old friends are best !

TO LAWRENCE BARRETT.

When Burbadge played, the stage was bare  
Of fount and temple, tower and stair ;  
Two backwords eked a battle out,  
Two supers made a rabble-rout,  
The Throne of Denmark was a chair !

And yet, no less, the audience there  
Thrilled through all changes of Despair,  
Hope, Anger, Fear, Delight and Doubt,  
When Burbadge played !

This is the Actor's gift,—to share  
All moods, all passions, nor to care  
One whit for scene, so he without  
Can lead men's minds the roundabout  
Stirred as of old those hearers were,  
When Burbadge played !

TO J. S.

“ A SABINE farm ! ” Ah would I knew,  
Dear S., of one at Barnes or Kew !  
Some “ neat retreat, ”—in auction phrase,—  
Where one might nurture bees and bays !—  
A freehold, with the Thames in view !

Not mean the craft that I pursue :  
Still I could scarce, whate'er my due,  
Acquire—the Muse so meanly pays—  
A Sabine farm !

But you, benignant Friend and true,  
Whom Tea makes rich as any Jew,  
Bethink you now, while summer stays,  
The bard should hear the linnets' lays ;—  
How nice (for Me) 'twould be had you  
A Sabine farm !

### TO LAURENCE HUTTON.

There is no "mighty purpose" in this book  
Of that I warn you at the opening page,  
Lest, haply, 'twixt the leaves you careless look,  
And, finding nothing to reform the age,  
Fall with the rhyme and rhymers in a rage.  
Let others prate of problems and of powers :  
I bring but fancies born of idle hours,  
That, striving only after Art and Ease,  
Have scarcely more of moral than the flowers,  
And little else of mission than to please.





NOTES.



## NOTES.

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"*A skill Prévile would not disown.*"—PAGE 17.

Prévile was the French Foote, *circa* 1760.

MOLLY TREFUSIS.—PAGE 23.

The epigram here quoted from "an old magazine" is to be found in the late Lord Neaves's admirable little volume, *The Greek Anthology (Blackwood's Ancient Classics for English Readers, 1874)*. Those familiar with eighteenth century literature will recognize in the succeeding verses but another echo of those lively stanzas of John Gay to "Molly Mogg of the Rose," which found so many imitators in his own day. Whether my heroine has any connection with a certain "Miss Trefusis," whose *Poems* are sometimes to be found in a second-hand bookseller's catalogue, I know not. But if so, I trust I have done her accomplished shade no wrong.

*Notes.*

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.—PAGE 39.

The initials "E. H. P." are those of the late eminent (and hapless) Orientalist, Professor Palmer. As my lines entirely owed their origin to his translations of Zoheir, I sent them to him. He was kind enough to praise them warmly. It is true he found anachronisms; but as he said these would cause no disturbance to orthodox Persians, I concluded I had succeeded in my little *pastiche*, and, with his permission, inscribed it to him. I wish now that it had been a more worthy tribute to one of the most learned and versatile scholars this age has seen.

*"Have I not writ thy laws?"* PAGE 48.

The lines in italic type which follow, are freely paraphrased from the ancient *Code d'Amour* of the XIIth Century, as given by André le Chapelain himself.

*"You begged his hair, you kept his name."*—PAGE 64.

When *The Jessamy Bride* was first printed, by a slip of the pen I wrote "Glyn" for "Gwyn." It was a fortunate error; for it brought me a letter from one of her descendants, who still possesses her portrait, together with the identical lock, which, at her request, was cut from Goldsmith's hair, while yet he lay in his coffin. (Cf. Forster's *Goldsmith* ii., Ch. 21.)

*Notes.*

THE BOOK PLATE'S PETITION.—PAGE 74.

These lines were reprinted from *Notes and Queries* in Mr. Andrew Lang's delightful volume *The Library*, 1881, where the curious will find full information as to the enormities of the book-mutilators.

"By 'Bysshe,' his epithet."—PAGE 83.

*I. e.* THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY, by Edward Bysshe, 1702.

"*In Babylonian numbers hidden.*"—PAGE 160.

—nec Babylonios  
Tentaris numeros."

HOR. i., 55.

"*With that he made a leg.*"—PAGE 175.

"JOVE made his Leg and kiss'd the Dame  
Obsequious HERMES did the Same."

PRIOR.

"*So took his virtú off to Cock's.*"—PAGE 175.

Cock the auctioneer of Covent Garden was the Christie and Manson of the last century. The leading idea of this fable, it should be added, is taken from one by Gellert.

*Notes.*

*"The oaf preferred the tongs and bones."*—PAGE 184.

"I have a reasonable good ear in music; let us have the tongs and the bones."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iv., Sc. i.

*"And sighed o'er Chaos wine for Stingo."*—PAGE 185.

Squire Homespun probably meant Cahors.

*"Neither as LOCKE was nor as BLAKE."*—PAGE 194.

The Shire Hall at Taunton, where these verses were read at the unveiling of Miss Thomas's bust of Fielding, by Mr. James Russell Lowell, September 4th, 1883, also contains busts of Admiral Blake and John Locke.

## EPILOGUE.

*About the ending of the Ramadan,  
When leanest grows the famished Mussulman,  
A haggard ne'er-do-well, Mahmoud by name,  
At the tenth hour to Caliph Omar came.  
" Lord of the Faithful (quoth he), at the last,  
The young moon cometh and men cease to fast :  
Hard then, O hard! the lot of him must be  
Who spares to eat—but not for piety !"  
" Hast then no calling, Friend ?"—the Caliph said.  
" Sir, I make verses for my daily bread."  
" Verse !" answered Omar. "'Tis a dish indeed  
Whereof but scantily a man may feed.  
Go. Learn the tenter's or the potter's art,—  
Verse is a drug not sold in any mart !"*

*I know not if that hungry Mahmoud died ;  
But this I know, he must have versified,  
For with his race, from better still to worse,  
The plague of writing follows like a curse ;  
And men will scribble though they fail to dine,  
Which is the moral of more books than mine.*



